



Goldwin Smith.

250

11

THOUGHTS ON LIFE-SCIENCE.

Cambridge:

PRINTED BY C. J. CLAY, M.A.,
AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS.

Philos
T531

THOUGHTS
ON
LIFE-SCIENCE.

BY

EDWARD THRING, M.A.,
(BENJAMIN PLACE)

HEAD MASTER OF UPPINGHAM SCHOOL.

SECOND EDITION.


ENLARGED AND REVISED.

London and New York:
MACMILLAN AND CO.

1871.

[*All Rights reserved.*]

110633
6 11 11



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

TO

LIONEL S. BEALE, F.R.S.

WITH A THOROUGH AND HEARTY ADMIRATION
FOR TRUE SCIENCE,

THIS BOOK

IS DEDICATED BY

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND
EDITION.

LEARNED men are often like miners; the more they delve and dig, the farther they get from light and life; the more precious the ore they burrow into, the more they are shut off from the works and interests of common humanity. And they dig, and dig, and dig, and think their own mine the universe. But the glorious nature of infinite worlds is something more than a knowledge mine for man to bury himself in. The unknown mysteries of orbs innumerable are not the freehold of our ant-hill with its ants. The solemn history of human life, and all the secret pulsations of hearts, that love and hate, and hope and fear, in the voiceless deep of years that pass, and leave no trace—these are too great, too high, too holy, for fantastic treatment. The patient work of patient

workers asks for a sober and honest spirit in all who touch the same subjects. True Science may for a time be hated or feared, but can never be despised, or fall under the curse of a sham popularity. True Science is very precious, very loveable, honest, stedfast, and faithful. Those who are jealous for her honour should beware lest she and her sister Philosophia sink into gossips, and fall under the pleasant satire of the cheery Greek,

“πάντα γυναῖκες ἴσαντι, καὶ ὡς Ζεὺς ἀγάγεθ’ Ἥραν.”

It is difficult to speak of such twaddle with respect. The facts of the world, truly stated, may not be so witching as the enchanter's magic tale, but then the facts always remain. No generation sneers at facts, excepting the generation which hears them first. This book is an endeavour to bring out some of the main facts of the world.

BEN PLACE, GRASMERE,

July, 1871.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

	PAGE
A NEW epoch in the world. Railways. Telegraphs. Communication in early times. Rome. Jerusalem. Slavery. The birth of modern Europe. The present age. A review needed	1

CHAPTER II.

The new fairy-land. Life-science. The first point in Life-science is the medium through which all know- ledge comes. Words, the great instrument of man, very imperfect	27
--	----

CHAPTER III.

The second point to be considered. Mind, the great wielder of words, proved to be utterly feeble com- pared with the world in which it finds itself	60
---	----

CHAPTER IV.

The third point is the world in which both instrument and powers are to be exercised. Matter and life distinct. Life not material	75
---	----

CHAPTER V.

PAGE

The fourth point is life and matter, their relative value. 97

CHAPTER VI.

The fifth point is life, its manifestations, and kinds . 115

CHAPTER VII.

The sixth point is a Supreme Intelligence. A digression about "facts." Some conclusions in consequence. 134

CHAPTER VIII.

The seventh point is the meaning of a Creator, natural laws, miracles, life agencies, and a spirit world . 143

CHAPTER IX.

Recapitulation. The eighth point, man's position with respect to a Creator. The claims of Science to know matter and life sifted. What Reason tells us of man and his being 169

CHAPTER X.

	PAGE
The ninth point is man's nature. Reason and intellect.	188

CHAPTER XI.

The tenth point is man's position in an ordered world.	205
--	-----

CHAPTER XII.

The eleventh point is the kind of position man holds. The facts of the world show us that there is no natural development to good in man; that man is a fallen being, who has to undevelop evil, before he can develop good; that Revelation gives a true explanation, and that power-worship is a mean idolatry	218
---	-----

CHAPTER XIII.

The twelfth point is that man is not without guidance. The facts of the world show us that all history declares the truth of the Scriptures. Reason confirms this	244
--	-----

CHAPTER XIV.

The thirteenth point is the manner and aim of that guidance. The purpose of Scripture, the Scriptures, books written to test love of truth. Why difficult. Much criticism of Scripture childish. Love of truth unselfish, as plain as light to the eye	253
--	-----

CHAPTER XV.

PAGE

- The fourteenth point is how mankind as a race are to be guided to truth. The facts of the world show that intellect must be a subordinate agent in religion. The nature and work of the Church. St Paul at Ephesus. Terms of communion . . . 275

CHAPTER XVI.

- A chapter on Idolatry. It has always existed, and always will exist. It is a low form of intellectual choice. Idolatry in its nature twofold, a rebellion, and a corruption. Modern idolatry 293

CHAPTER XVII.

- Conclusion. The philosophy of Procrustes. The Christian society. Its main law in working. Processes not to be shown. Old and modern delusions. Facts of Life-science. Corruptio optimi pessima, hate, ruling at the altar of love, the worst evil . . . 305

CHAPTER I.

A NEW EPOCH IN THE WORLD. RAILWAYS. TELE-
GRAPHS. COMMUNICATION IN EARLY TIMES. ROME.
JERUSALEM. SLAVERY. THE BIRTH OF MODERN EUROPE.
THE PRESENT AGE. A REVIEW NEEDED.

A NEW Epoch. Tradition challenged.—The age of traditional beliefs is past. The old equilibrium has been suddenly destroyed, and from henceforth tradition, as such, will not successfully claim allegiance. It must submit to be challenged, and be ready to meet the challengers with some other weapon than a mere appeal to antiquity. This is natural. Antiquity can only be supreme as long as the generations are too busy to add much of their own, or too self-satisfied after closing a great struggle to care to move on. Men who live in unsettled times have enough to do to meet the daily pressing demands, and adapt themselves to the constantly varying circumstances. They cannot do much more than live. Men who have just emerged from such a confused existence are too weary for a season, and prefer to enjoy their gains

quietly rather than plunge into fresh turmoil. But this desire to rest comes gradually to an end. New generations forget the troubles their fathers have escaped from, and only remember the somewhat vexatious discipline which they continued to keep up. So they long for change.

A time of discovery, change, and delusion.—A mighty impulse has come over the world lately. A time of looking forward rather than of looking back has set in. Great inventions of all kinds are altering the face of the earth, making the conditions of life different, and raising the hopes and fears of men. Great discoveries are bringing with them all the eager wildness, all the enthusiasm for good or evil that such unsettlement always must bring. The vast ocean of knowledge has found its Columboes, and hearts beat high with the daily hope of fresh wonders being unveiled by new voyagers. Perhaps this age of scientific research, no less than the age of maritime research we look back on, has its El Dorados, and Fountains of Youth, and Prester Johns, as well as its America; its gigantic delusions, as well as its gigantic achievements. At all events it is an age of change.

Railways and Telegraphs, their effect on opinions.—Nor is this to be wondered at. Space is the great barrier between man and man; but Railways and Telegraphs have to a great extent annihilated space, and made it absolutely certain that the nations, their thoughts and feelings, will be poured together more and more, till it becomes impossible for any important knowledge, habit, or feeling to exist simply by custom. Custom requires undisturbed possession to establish itself; whereas all the customs of all the world are beginning to be thrown together, and nothing will remain which has not real strength. Not only so, but what is really strong must for a time share in the general uncertainty, and as many things which have been thought strong perish, ordinary observers may well doubt what will remain. The rising tide covers rocks as well as sand-castles. When the elements of human life are in a state of flood, and ancient landmarks and familiar spots are being overflowed, what wonder, if, till the waters settle a little, much confusion, much guessing, much childish temerity prevail? Things undreamt of, or only mentioned to be deemed impossible, have become common. Hence

many begin to think that nothing ought to be deemed impossible, and this idea is sometimes fostered by those who ought to know better.

Of Possibility and Impossibility.—There is no haphazard in the matter. The fact that results of surpassing marvel have been achieved, when the data to work on were fixed, certain, and within reach, holds out no hope whatever that marvellous results from data not capable of being reduced to the same fixity can be attained. There is no analogy between the two cases. The one only requires sufficient time and sufficient intelligence to analyse and interpret that which is already before us as a fact; the other has to imagine much of the data as well as the results, and certainly ought to be able to make out a consistent story till time proves it to be baseless. The simple logic that what was once thought impossible has come to pass, and therefore what is now thought impossible will come to pass, is simple, but not convincing, though brought forward with much triumphant contempt for less advanced views. Those who study processes, and want a $\pi\omicron\upsilon\sigma\tau\hat{\omega}$, and trace back the old impossible to its solid foundation, desire some-

thing less shifting than a quicksand for the new impossible to start from, and cannot quite satisfy their reason that all impossibilities are the same in kind, or that it is an end to all argument to say, "that was once impossible and now is done, this is now impossible and *therefore* will be done." There are clearly barriers which no human invention can overcome; conditions beyond the range of mortal power. For instance, as long as man has a body which ties him down to place, the interchange of ideas and all intercourse must necessarily be slow. As long as man has a body which incloses his mind, mind cannot get to mind in its innermost essential truth with any certainty, and every human being is an unknown world even to his nearest and dearest, if all his being is to be taken into account. There can be no discovery which shall bring the naked mind into contact with naked mind face to face with no veil between, and lay bare the ultimate truth of life between two living beings. Neither does the invention of Railways give any sure ground that men will ever travel by Telegraph and be flashed along an electric wire, notwithstanding the strong argument that Railways were once thought

impossible, and now are, and travelling by Telegraph is now thought impossible, and *therefore* will be.

This kind of limitation, in spite of modern charlatanism, is true in all other workings of man. There are certain fixed limits, which obviously are fixed barriers; which man, unless he ceases to be man, can never pass—barriers both to his body and his mind. Within these great natural barriers nothing probably is impossible. An almost infinite progress is certain, an inexhaustible variety of change and progress lies before him. And if a range which can never be worked through is enough, then man has such an infinite exercise-ground to work in.

A new Creation, a new Earth.—This truth has burst on the present generation with unusual power. Suddenly, almost without warning, what may fairly be called a new creation has begun. Railways and the Steam-engine have practically made this whole human world in all its main conditions new. The earth, to all intents and purposes, has shrunk in size. Any man can go in an hour fifty miles instead of four. But this is not all: the earth has

not only shrunk in size, but it has also been bound together in its parts. Vast regions, which were isolated and utterly out of reach, are now netted and linked on to the busy crowded earth-centres, and are penetrated perpetually by an unceasing current of men and thoughts.

Roads and their importance.—It is not difficult to form an idea of the consequences that will ensue on this. Space divides. Division is fatal to human advancement. In one form or another Roads and easy communication are the first, and will ever be the greatest instruments of mind in its victories over matter.

Communication in early times.—In early times men only moved about in armies, destroying as they went, and therefore learning little; or in slow caravans, and therefore learning slowly. Thus many countries were entirely shut off from any appreciable intercourse with other countries; and the ocean, man's great highway, was to the ancient world "oceanus dissociabilis," the great divider of mankind. This state of seclusion is clearly very favourable to forming character, and allowing certain processes of development to go on undisturbed.

The young world required this. But it equally clearly limits or entirely prevents the matured results from spreading. As life power and knowledge accumulated here, or died out there, some machinery became necessary which should equalise and communicate, which should restore the balance, which should give scope to the pent-up energy. For a time none such was found. Mere outbursts of impatient peoples or warlike monarchs showed the need of outlet rather than supplied the want. If the world was ever to become one community, or even to share largely in the scattered gains and discoveries that were made from time to time, distance, the great impediment to free intercourse, and habit, moving in its own limited track, must be got rid of. Two things were wanted, a motive for moving, and the possibility of doing so. Very strangely was this problem solved. Vast agencies were set going, which most effectually did the work, whilst they seemed to be following entirely different objects, and in some respects to be directly antagonistic to it.

Rome, Jerusalem, Slavery; three powers that broke up isolation.—It is not too much to say that

the three narrowest forces in the world, whilst working in their own narrow way, were made the unconscious means of bringing about the broadest and most universal communion. These were Rome, with its narrow iron ambition; Jerusalem, with its narrow race-pride, for such the Jews made it; and thirdly, Slavery, with its narrow contempt for the brotherhood of mankind. These three opened up the world, though all pursued their own selfish ends, and none had the remotest idea of the wonderful part they were playing.

Rome the great road-maker.—Rome was the great road-maker. And road-making is but another name for distance destroyed, unity made possible, and new powers. Rome too broke up national exclusiveness, and compelled great numbers to come up to the world metropolis.

Jerusalem a great world centre.—Again, Jerusalem, after what seemed the great national overthrow, brought every year natives of all countries up to that religious centre as their home. It is hard for us to estimate these facts fairly. A very strong effort of imagination is needed before we can even get a glimpse of the truth. We have been

accustomed to consider communication and travelling a specialty of modern times. In a certain sense truly. But if real interchange of thought and knowledge amongst the masses of different nations come into the question, then the intercourse of modern times is as nothing compared with what was taking place about two thousand years ago.

Modern travelling superficial.—Modern travelling means the rapid passing through a country, rapid sightseeing, stopping at inns, and living separately. All this is done with great perfection of speed and comfort. In this lies the excellence of modern travelling. The traveller in fact, like the goods of his country, may be said almost always to be packed up and forwarded in a case of native manufacture, and does not get fairly out of it from the hour he leaves his own home to the hour he sets foot over the threshold again.

Ancient travelling a real change.—But there was no such skilful packing and forwarding in ancient times. Men had to move, but could not carry home with them. Rome, as the great ruling city of the world, gathered year by year into its circumference whole families of all ranks from other

countries. They passed to and fro on foot, on horseback, camping in forest and plain, as well as in cities and villages, giving and receiving news. For all the news of the world was carried by travellers or living messengers. Many a night by their fires, as they halted, strange marvels of land and sea enlivened the bivouac and compensated for the weary journey. Welcome comers in many a village and town, they heard the gossip of the country, mixed with the people, learned their manners, and gave back stories of their own lands. In this way sunny pictures of the East, or daring wonders of the West, news of far-off battles, and famous men were exchanged in return for the evening's hospitality. And mountain and river, forest and sea, wild men, wild deeds, marvellous novelties, true or false, lived freshly in the ears and memories of many races. For there was a ceaseless stream of these animated newspapers, which conveyed everywhere an ever increasing store of knowledge. There never has been a time, not even our own, in which the world was more thoroughly permeated and leavened by current ideas from top to bottom than under Imperial Rome. All classes

shared in the movement, and were closely drawn together, and brought into contact in spite of national impediments.

The religious empire of Jerusalem a great channel of thought.—But there was much more at work than this. The religious empire of Jerusalem provided for the quick and thorough transmission of religious thought, as much as the Roman empire did for secular thought. More so even; for the Jew united in his own person the apparent contradiction of the narrowest bond of race, and the most complete citizenship of the world. Scattered in every quarter of the globe, natives of every country, and therefore dealing with every country as their own, they and their families were ever moving between their homes and Jerusalem. Thus by a strange turn the rigid exclusive bond of their early national life twisted round in later days into a universal network spread over the whole earth. Jerusalem at the Passover was like a wonderful seedpod, which enfolded within itself a whole world in miniature, ready to burst out and scatter and expand in favourable soil and atmosphere into the vast growth which it actually did attain to.

The subtle unsuspected influence of Slavery as a leaven.—Now add the third influence, Slavery; an influence more subtle, more unsuspected, more universal than even the other two, which provided everywhere secret channels of thought and intelligence underground, as it were, in the bowels of the earth. This was the most strange marvel of all. Go back in imagination into the wilderness of the ancient world; stand in the midst of its fierce antagonisms and unsocial distinctions; picture the lawlessness, the pride, the violence, then conceive some such problem proposed as this. Absolute power is given you over the human race, only provide that in spite of distance and race, jealousy and war, and difficulty of locomotion, a foreign element shall be introduced into every family; only insure that in every home the inertness of non-movement is broken in upon by strange new outer alien race force set in its very inner sanctuary, or that it is itself liable to unforeseen possibility of upheaval. The command and the conditions would seem almost flat contradictions. But the thing was done. Slavery did it. Slavery, that gigantic evil of the ancient world, effected this wonderful service.

Whilst the slave-makers were solely intent on their own cruel selfishness, and utterly blind to any other purpose, that purpose was brought about through them, and unknown to them.

Slavery a social condition not founded on race.—However, to estimate slavery we must first get rid entirely of the modern idea of making slaves only of a degraded race or type of man. Poverty is not more a state of social existence now than Slavery was in old time. No rank was secure. Princes and princesses might be, and often were, slaves. An enormous number of men and women were transplanted in this way all over the world and dropped into every home, carrying with them all that was worth carrying of their own lands. They were posted everywhere like sentinels, in readiness when the moment came, and the command, to throb the message given them from end to end of the globe. Perhaps it is impossible for the modern mind by any effort to recall correctly the state of life produced by the play of such influences. The masters and mistresses were often less noble in rank, in education, in refinement, in morals, than their slaves. What a strange medley under the

same roofs. Even the roughest, coarsest natures, whom force then, as too often now, made supreme arbiters of their fellow-men, must have been unable to escape entirely the influence of such close contact. There must have been a leavening of thought and feeling going on imperceptibly in a manner totally unlike anything earth has since known. One thing is certain; what a medium of communication slavery could become, and did become, as soon as any great absorbing feeling required to be shot through the world. We have our telegraph with its lightning flash carrying its bare recital to the appointed goal. They had the telegraph of hearts innumerable ready to receive, keep, and transmit any great fact or burning thought and deliver it everywhere. This machinery was as independent of race as the inanimate wires, not from want of feeling, but because similarity of feeling in hearts scattered everywhere caught, stored up, and passed on the treasured hopes and ideas. Such were the marvellous and varied results that were produced by this curious guiding of blind and selfish forces to ends utterly antagonistic to those they each proposed to compass. A network of possible union

was the work of the great disuniters. Cruelty Narrowness, and Pride, whilst diligently doing their own work, were really preparing their own overthrow.

The epoch of Christianity.—At the epoch when all these causes were most actively in operation, though there was no sign of any purpose to be carried out, Christianity appeared, at once ran along all these human channels, gave them a meaning, and a mission, and proved itself the greatest power that the world had ever known. From that moment rest and isolation were at an end. A germ capable of filling the world was set in the midst of the selfish empire ideas and enclosures of kings and peoples, and grew and made its way amidst great conflicts of thought and feeling. Its upward push crumbled into dust mighty ancient fabrics of seeming power. It thrust out and overturned by a new undergrowth the old thoughts and thought-structures of mankind; so that they, and the very languages in which they were written, have in a sense equally become dead. There was a plastic power in it which loved new material rather than old; which did not work from without and break the nations into one formal type,

but infused itself into each, and made the German and the Goth fresh existences, equally removed from their own former selves and from the Roman or the Greek through whom the power came to them. But this obviously was a stupendous movement. There was a travailing of struggling feelings and principles for centuries; a great throbbing through all the veins of the world body, full of disturbing energy, vigorous, uncompromising, which let no one rest.

The birth of modern Europe.—From that hour to this the adjustment of the elements has been going on. All the modern nations with whom the power of the world now rests began their national life in the fierce pouring together of the old heathenism, of Christianity, and of the uncivilized but strong-natured Northern Tribes. The travail pangs lasted till the sixteenth century. Many hundred years of the roughest external circumstances, wars, confusion, and turmoil, accompanied by a patient powerful enlightening effort of the most effectual kind, ended at that period in the birth of modern European culture, The works done in those years of pain and conflict sufficiently

attest the greatness of the workers. Not only the mere fact of shaping such a wondrous birth remains, but buildings unsurpassed in grand invention speak of their mighty builders. And towards the end of the period literature also arose, though this was necessarily a later manifestation, as the very languages during these earlier centuries were seething, as it were, in the great caldron with all the other elements of society; only wood and stone remained unchanged for men to speak with. So into wood and stone they put their thought, and have left us deathless records of mind working. These fifteen hundred years of intense, though hidden, vitality were necessary before any permanent shape could result from the mixture of the old and the new. They were in the truest sense travail years, years of birth-throes and agitation, in which modern Europe with its kingdoms and governments was being compounded out of the civilized heathenism of Italy and Greece and the uncivilized heathenism of the North by the new creative power.

The place of this generation in world history.—
Fifteen hundred years were thus passed. This may

serve as a standard by which to judge our present. Barely three hundred years have gone by since. If the travail-throes that preceded birth lasted so many centuries, the living birth in its growth and maturity may be expected to bear some proportion to this. How many thousand thousand years must then elapse before the new existence shall be matured. Instead of being at an advanced epoch we must be in the very lisping infancy of the new life, in the nursery of the modern world, on the threshold of baby life in it. It is hard to bring home to our minds that there has been as yet no absolutely new beginning of national life on the new basis, that no nation has as yet begun entirely as a Christian nation. America may seem to be an exception, but it is not really so, as its origin, though not unchristian, has been of too mixed and abnormal a character to furnish an example. There is such a slavery to ideas of time in short-lived man that we feel great difficulty in realizing that all we most care for and think our own is no independent growth, but a graft on the old ante-Christian trunk; and that we ourselves and our destinies can quite as justly be classed as belonging to the end of a

great epoch, to an old world, as to the beginning of a new epoch and a new world. For indeed we are standing on a boundary line, just born, just going to launch into an unknown future. The period of looking back has been brought to an end. And the invention of railways and telegraphs and steam-engines has come in almost immediately after the beginning of the new epoch to make an entirely fresh creation; for it is no less.

The jungle and the cleared land, ancient times and railway times.—No one can fail to see the difference between a jungle and cultivated land. The jungle is traversed with difficulty, is unknown, is full of strange things, wild creatures, beasts of prey, birds, trees. Men are easily lost in it. There may be much beauty, much of marvel, much to interest, but the pervading idea is unknown impassible length and breadth of baffling obstructive power in one shape or another. On the other hand, the cultivated land is cleared, and by the mere fact of cultivation has got rid of the difficulties and the marvels. It is no longer obstructive, it furnishes men with homes, sustenance, and the means of seeing each other. Now it is not too

much to say that the discovery of railways and the space-destroying power of steam puts us as far in advance materially of all previous generations, as the last generation was in advance of a jungle and jungle life. This immense and sudden leap is such a thing as earth has never known before. The past is broken up and cleared off. All the landmarks of old time are either swept away, or are standing in an entirely altered proportion and relative significance. Fresh armies, this time of thoughts, opinions, and knowledge, or fancied knowledge, are breaking in on all sides, as the deluge of the North broke in on the Roman world, at a moment when all things were ready for change, the trains laid amongst the crumbling splendours of a past glory, and only the spark wanted to fire them. So the Goth, the Vandal, the Teuton, the Hun, mighty devastators, broke in. And the conflict of visible force, and outward strength with the finer powers of a life, which they seemed to conquer in its unworthy representatives, began. Sturdy heathen and strong, they set to work with sword, axe, and hammer, smashing good and evil alike: thorough incarnations of mere force, base enough in the

lower type, but hardy, sinewy, and free, with a bold originality in their higher type, they matched their right-arms and their battle-axes against the subtler agencies of heart and head, and triumphantly overthrew them all, to find, when they had overthrown them, that they had only broken the seed-pod and crushed the hard case that shut in the seeds, to let out the seeds in the midst of themselves, and that their whole conquering strength was already under cultivation, subdued before they knew it. No wonder, whilst this was going on, that mankind looked backward for so many hundred years, either engrossed too much in the conflict to be able to do more than meet their day, or resting on what had been done and drawing breath. But now a second irruption has come; the force powers of the mind have broken loose and upset the old order. The knowledge and ignorance, the good and evil, the thoughts and feelings of mankind, are suddenly dashed together by the wonderful increase of intercourse, and as earlier the contest lay mainly between bodily material power and mental and unseen power, so now the coarser and instrumental powers of the mind, with its knowledge, are arrayed

against the finer and subtler powers of the inner life. There is a general turmoil in all mental questions. Men are no longer to rest on the deeds of their forefathers, or the beliefs of their forefathers as such, or to be satisfied with the shapes taken by thought during the rougher and coarser struggles of thought with brute force. But, as the human being is far readier at destroying than at building up, the opening scene of this new state of things bears a strong likeness to the letting loose of a mob, where the delight in breaking is a joy in itself. It is a great gain however to realize that this epoch is only a beginning, and to see the domain in which the struggle has to be carried on. We have finished on the whole a period of fighting with fists, and are entering on a period of fighting with minds, that is, of fixing the boundaries and position of mental processes as applied to practical life, previous to constructing new developments of ordered mind, and better life.

The elementary character of the present age.—If any proof was wanted of the elementary stage in which proceedings now are from this point of view, it would be given by a survey of our representa-

tive governments, which even in theory are not representative, though they are in name: of our administrative theory, which seems to be this; let some one sweep up into a great dust-heap all that can be swept together on a subject, set a dozen clever but ignorant men to sift it, and call what they produce truth: of our administrative practice, which carefully excludes from authority on every professional subject all the men who know it best: of our dealings with crime, which spend millions in reaping and destroying the crop, and pennies in destroying the seed which produces it: of our education zeal, which resembles nothing so much as a general fight without any person knowing what he is fighting about: for no public body has raised the question of what is the immediate object of education, and how it can be attained: of our literary world, where sharp little critics shake their bells so merrily: of philosophy, with its crude omniscience: of our common life, where law protects from absolute wrong in some degree at the price of boundless waste of prohibitions and walls to shut off true liberty. And so the list might run on through all the nursery efforts which are being

made to trace out the scope and range of mental principles applied to social life. Not least may be reckoned the intense self-glorification with which our deeds are chronicled by ourselves; a glorification both in its good and evil aspect thoroughly that of children beginning, and not of men who understand what they are doing; not of men who understand the powers of their own nature and their relative importance.

A review of facts necessary.—The epoch of finding out this has begun. It may, and most likely will, take many centuries, perhaps many tens of centuries, to bring belief and practice into fair equilibrium again out of the great upsetting produced by new inventions and railways. There must be much waste and confusion. In this great work of the present day and the displacement of traditional ideas it has seemed no useless task to look steadily at what has happened, to take stock as it were of man's gains, and to endeavour amidst new circumstances to arrive at some rational estimate of the bearing of things, and in a calm spirit, neither fearful, nor too hopeful, to examine the task before us, to examine the instruments and the

means at our disposal, to examine our strength, and to examine also whether this novelty of mingling and meeting finds man himself so utterly new to it and without guide as at first sight might be thought; so that the limits of what is possible at all events may be clearly marked out for ordinary persons, and in this great fair, and throng of claimants, no one may be in danger of being bewildered, or when he sees a conjurer mistaking him for a god.

CHAPTER II.

THE NEW FAIRY-LAND. LIFE-SCIENCE. THE FIRST POINT IN LIFE-SCIENCE IS THE MEDIUM THROUGH WHICH ALL KNOWLEDGE COMES. WORDS, THE GREAT INSTRUMENT OF MAN, VERY IMPERFECT.

WHEN the old king got up in the morning, and found Aladdin's palace gone, and his daughter with it, he rubbed his eyes, we are told, and stared. And well he might do so, for palaces do not come and go every day in this manner. Wild as this sounds, many a fairy tale is but reality disguised, and Aladdin's lamp has been at work again. It matters not whether things alter because they move to us, or we in an equally unexpected way are moved to them. The result is the same. Practically the globe on which we live has passed into the enchanter's power for a time, and has been made immeasurably smaller. Things come and go with a perplexing suddenness. Quiet homes and familiar objects disappear. Thoughts and customs run together from the ends of the earth, and are brought

face to face. The old and the new, the past and the present, are jostling and jumbled together in every conceivable incongruity of position. It is almost like a dream in which we turn the corner of the street and meet a tiger; and though the meeting is unpleasant, it seems quite natural, and a matter of course. Yet there is a secret misgiving that tigers ought not to walk about the streets and talk, and an uneasy sensation that it would be well to be awake. Indeed the whole sense of what is natural and a matter of course has been altered, suddenly, and completely; so far the dream is sober reality, but the new incongruous neighbours and strange guests have not shaken into their places. There is much that is dreamlike, unreal, and delusive in the present position and bearing of things. Phantom shapes and solid truths, bold pretensions and quiet eternal majesties, nightmare fumes and wisdom's wisest breathings, are mixed in indistinguishable confusion and cannot at present be separated. This is a very serious task for any generation to have to do. All the more serious if the generation itself is dreaming.

An inventory wanted.—In point of fact, however, startling as all this may seem, there is nothing

more in the world than was in it before. A sensible inventory, prosaic as it sounds, is the real want of the time. The furniture has been shaken about a good deal, but the householder must re-arrange it, see what there is, examine his tools, see what can or cannot be done with the instruments and material at his disposal, and arrive at a clear conclusion as to his own powers of working. There can be no real progress without a solid well-founded knowledge on these points. Man cannot really advance, if, like Robinson Crusoe, he is busy in making boats which will never get to the water, or in any other way engaged in grand delusions.

The starting point. Life-science recognizes only universal instruments, and universal progress, as true.—The good of a few cannot be the good of mankind. This axiom must be admitted by everyone engaged in studying the progress of the human race. Nothing short of the welfare of the whole human race can satisfy any inquiry into the destiny of the human race. If, for example, any one declares riches to be the *summum bonum* for mankind, the moment it is proved that all mankind cannot be rich, riches must be dismissed from further

consideration. Any theory of man's powers, man's work, man's life, which is limited in action to a few is at once put out of court. Every theory of life which is not false must provide for every man who has lived, is living, or shall live. True Life-science includes in its scope the whole race of mankind from the beginning to the end, each and all, and accepts as a self-evident fact the necessity that, in any world which is not a bungling mistake, every individual has a sufficient share always, and at all times, in the main objects of life and the true progress of the race to which he belongs.

The instrument is universal.—Life-science must start from universals. This admission narrows considerably the area of inquiry. Indeed, infinite as the variety of subjects at first sight appears, a very short search will serve to show that there is one, and only one, medium through which everything in the human world passes, one instrument used by all, by which all knowledge without exception is communicated, without which nothing is or can be known. This is a clear beginning. Simply it amounts to this, that man's whole existence as an intelligent progressive worker on earth, and as

moving in a world of his own, is comprised in this one faculty of speech. Words are the medium used. Without words there is no transmission of thought possible to any great extent. Words are, as it were, a pipe. Through that pipe every thing distinctive of man, all thought, all knowledge passes. It is absolutely necessary therefore to arrive at some conclusion about words before any other thing is passed in review; for the simple reason, that all other things must pass through words before they reach us. This is decisive. If words are not perfect, and our knowledge of words is not perfect, then every conceivable thought of man may be disfigured, maimed, or transmuted in the passing. Wine is good, but it is no matter of indifference what it runs through. Light may be very sunlight, but a pair of coloured spectacles makes pretty work of it. These considerations are not trifling.

The value of words.—Science starts with words and their value. For the value of words is the most important, as it is the first, question that comes before science. In a sense it is the only question, for till this is secure nothing else is secure.

And if words are inadequate exponents of any kind of thought or knowledge, that kind of thought or knowledge, or that way of treating it, cannot be of paramount importance to men, however attractive or brilliant it may be. For the great instrument of mind, in any world that is not a bungling mistake, must be able to do any main work of that world sufficiently well. On the other hand, that man who is not a master of words, as far as their nature admits, is obviously precluded from high mental work of a varied kind. For a man who is not master of words can never be reasonably sure that the impressions and communications he receives through an unknown and delusive medium are what he thinks them to be. But if they are not, his judgment is not worth much, though great ability in producing dazzling effects may bring great renown, and many may be deceived as well as himself by his false power. Many a great reputation transplanted into a world of absolute truth will have reason mournfully to admit the wisdom of the proverb that silence is golden.

What words are in themselves.—Words naturally, from very early times, have received much

attention. But a little investigation will show that from first to last this attention has been devoted to examining how best to wield them, to Logic, and Rhetoric, and all the various branches of skill connected with their use; whilst what they are in themselves and their value as thought-shapes has been left entirely untouched. Some suggestions will here be given to show that there is a wide field of unexplored knowledge in this direction; some brief hints be thrown out on the properties of words, and the curious combination of solid and shifting in their composition. Like Arctic voyagers anchored on an ice pack, men anchor on word packs, and roam over the solid expanse in seeming security, quite unconscious that all is floating and drifting in a dangerous sea. Or, worse still, words may play the trick of Milton's whale

“Whom haply slumbering on the Norway foam,
The pilot of some small night-foundered skiff
Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,
With fixed anchor in his scaly rind,
Moors by his side under the lee.”

When the said whale begins to disport himself

* *Paradise Lost*, I. 203.

the seaman and his anchors are rather put out. A voyage of discovery undertaken with full trust in anchoring on a whale would produce curious results.

Words do common work well enough.—It is true every man speaks, and for the common routine of life speaks well enough. A strong argument, when the axiom is laid down that progress to be true must be universal, that words are good instruments enough for the true progress of mankind. But between this universal practical use, and the work words are expected to do in what are called higher regions of thought there is an infinite break; and the very fact of common use serves to hide this. For intense familiarity seems to make them known when nothing but a mere outside knowledge exists. And experience with all its boasts too often only means the having done the same thing in the same way over and over again; the experience of a mill-wheel ever turning on the same senseless round.

Words are very imperfect.—The power of words without doubt is very striking. Man can do nothing without them; but this is the very reason for

endeavouring to arrive at a certainty of what he can do with them. Words have done glorious work in many ways. But nothing blinds the eyes like admiration, and it does not follow that words can do any work their admirers believe they can. It seems hard to think that these immortal winged messengers, as they have been called, with all their marvellous energy and endless variety are most awkward imperfect pretences as soon as they get beyond very definite limits. But if this is true it is as well to recognize it. If the whale is a whale, don't anchor on it. What then are words? Words are the body taken by thought and feeling. And the whole question turns on two things, first, how far does each man find his own thoughts and feelings pass easily and completely into words; secondly, how far does each man receive with certainty the thoughts and feelings of others when expressed through words. No one will be prepared to assert that thought and feeling easily and at once are clothed in words. Words are not a growth of which thought and feeling are the roots. A book is not different from another book, as one tree is different from another tree, because the

mind in the one embodies itself differently from the mind in the other, and is distinct in nature. The greater mind may be in the worse book, or incapable of taking shape at all; for the shape, the word shape, is not an outcoming of the thought by nature, but a shell to be chosen by the speaker or writer from an entirely different kind of skill. Does any one doubt this? The most eloquent as well as the dullest speaker will confess, if challenged, that there is within him that which baffles expression, that which with all his practised power he has to struggle to put out in a far off imitation of the reality. A million people see the frosty West rich with the dying splendour of December's sun, wavelets of light, that neither rests nor moves, so subtle in the sense of glory, ripple innumerable, with here and there a sweep of delicate green between their changing gold. All see it, see it at once, but what a mockery it is to ask the tongue to put in words what every one has seen again and again, those last breathings as it were of colour and regretful love, which the departed sun sends back as keepsakes to the left behind. This is one instance, but everything is an instance; thought is

no more of necessity words than it is paint; and the art of description is as much a different thing from the possession of thought as the art of painting. Words and paint are not thoughts in an advanced stage of growth, but devices by which skilful artists succeed in reminding men of thoughts, and of the perceptions received by the mind. And very cumbrous devices too if we consider what they represent. But cumbrous as they are, they remain the property in this artist power of a few, quite out of reach of mankind in general. There are not words enough to express fully any common scene, and few men can use skilfully those there are. A strange fact for science, and one which cannot be without a reason.

Words do not represent Feeling fully.—Then again if we turn inwards to the feelings, there the want is more apparent still. The unfathomable depths of love and hate are not ladled out by words. If the old fairy story which brought pearls and roses out of the mouth of one maiden, and vipers and toads out of the mouth of the other, was in the faintest degree true, what marvels of beauty and loathsomeness would come into the

world. But there is no natural body for the feeling within to take. Feeling in its essence remains for ever dumb. Words are here signposts at best which point the way to that of which they reveal nothing.

Words are not a thought-stamp.—Hitherto it has been assumed that words, if there were enough of them, and if men could use them, would fairly do the work required. But another consideration comes in. Men see vast and complex pictures at once, men think on vast and complex subjects which are present to their minds as such, men feel feelings which are like the mingling of many waters in their depths and eddying breadth. But words are not vast and complex, deep or broad, in this way; there is no great picture-stamp of this kind in them which at a blow delivers a multiplex impression. We are met on the very threshold of the inquiry by the fact that words come out one by one, and that many are wanted to produce a whole. However skilfully they are used they are like bits of mosaic, each a separate little square, and each must be put in its place with laborious art before any picture is produced, though the

landscape may be there for a child to see at once. All this requires skill, patience, time, and quiet work. And the receiver must bring the same kind of qualification, for the word picture has to be taken in bit by bit, as well as composed bit by bit. And, when all has been done, there is no certainty that the effect intended is produced; for the words cannot do it with certainty, the two minds must be in harmony and fill in the deficiency, or it is not done. But this incapacity of words ought not to be passed over.

Words do part work fairly well.—The kind of work words can do has become apparent from what has been said above. Words are entirely unable to give exact impressions on any subject in which thought and feeling are involved, and cannot express at all much that is thought, known, and felt. But words are able to do part work fairly well, all work capable of being done bit by bit, all work which does not want to be complete in a moment, exact, perfect, and without possibility of error. Words again are quite satisfactory for all the ordinary occurrences of life. The universal common use between man and man is carried on well

enough by their means. It must be borne in mind that words not only do not do the exact and full and subtle work efficiently, but that they never can do it efficiently. Their nature prevents it. We have already seen how thought and feeling baffle this slow cumbrous word-power, and never can be expressed. Whilst on the other hand the receiving mind for many reasons is quite incapable of receiving much of that which is expressed from the want of seeing it all at once as it requires to be seen. Let it then be laid down as a rule and an axiom that all word work is part work and has to be done bit by bit and received bit by bit, even if it be assumed that the words themselves are exact and unmistakeable, which is by no means the case.

Words can teach and attack.—It will be found that this kind of work divides into two main branches, teaching, and attack; and that any other kind of proceeding is absolutely by the nature of things shut out from true and effective handling by words. Nothing which requires certainty, exactness, a full and unmistakeable impression which shall force conviction on an unwilling mind, can be

dealt with by words, unless the subject is very narrow. Under the head of teaching, every kind of thought-conveying between willing minds is intended to be understood; all discussion, however different opinions may be, where the object is the same; every elucidation of truth, where truth, and not victory or self-glory disguised, is the real end proposed. And under the head of attack, is meant every kind of thought-conveying that has as its object to conquer or punish; all mere force, which only wants to destroy; every form of self-glorification at the expense of another, though it may be done in the name of truth, and under the sacred banner of science or religion.

A building up power and a destroying power resides in words.

Words can teach, for they put ideas one by one, piecemeal; and this is wanted in teaching. Teaching implies a mind ready to examine and receive; and examination implies time to take in one part before the next comes, and then time again, and so by degrees a perfect whole is put together in a quiet spirit. And the learner can go back and recover any portion that has been

dropped on the way, or linger over any portion that requires care. The images that pass between mind and mind in teaching can be very vivid and true. Bit by bit thought is put out illustrated and cleared. How varied are the pictures, how subtle the feelings, that the magic touch produces or evokes, as a skilful speaker or writer little by little unfolds himself in prose or poetry, and reaches the mind of another. And the mind thus breathed into receives the new freight, loses some, keeps some, lays it up in store, makes it its own, and then puts it out again in many a shape, and adds continually to that countless swarm of presences and powers ever wandering over the world in words. Thus thought passes to and fro making itself new homes, and finding resting places and starting points on all sides, so that at last if we could but see it a great and teachable mind would present a wonderful spectacle. We should see it full of precious bits gathered from all generations and all races, here a fragment from an heathen of old like a bit of polished marble, there the last new floating leaf of modern talk, crumbs of children's prattle, axioms of sages, morsels from

friends and enemies, all lodged there by words. Then side by side with these strangers would be housed all it had observed itself on flood and field, in cities and solitudes; gatherings from forest, hill, and river, flowers and birds, a strange medley, ready to put on word-shape at any time. And all these words, thoughts, and images, wherever they come from, have a kind of life, and are taking new bodies perpetually, and streaming forth in countless swarms of winged words, as the great poet so well called them, into new air, with new vitality. They are a sort of children of the mind, by which man, though tied to one spot, passes forth and communicates himself here, there, everywhere, with a boundless capacity of change over wide domains with which he seems to have nothing to do. Words have untold power in teaching when they pass to and fro as messengers of peace.

The power of words in attack.—But the power of words in attack is as great. Then how trenchant, how battering, how compact, they fall, smiting like sharp swords, or heavy as clenched fists. Enemy meets enemy with matchless weapons. And the skilled combatant, who glories in

this skill, moves amongst his peaceful neighbours like a duellist of old, admired and envied for his deadly power. See the lithe favourite of the literary world skimming like Camilla* over the cornfields of thought, and the harvests of other men's work, with a foot so light that it barely touches, never rests upon them; skimming over the waves of bitter surging turmoil, and troublous hearts, and passionate resolves, delicately self-poised, making them a field for display; not deep enough in to believe, not deep enough in to disbelieve, absorbed in graceful feats, or with a myrtle spear dealing out graceful death, and winning place and power in Church or State by doing so; whilst coarser performers step like gladiators into the great amphitheatre of letters to immolate all they meet for the amusement of the idle-hearted. Earnest faith of any kind will always find the pleasure seekers ready, and the amphitheatre crowded,

* *Illa vel intactæ segetis per summa volaret
Gramina, nec cursu teneras læsisset aristas:
Vel mare per medium fluctu suspensa tumentis
Ferret iter, celeres nec tingeret æquore plantas.*

VIRG. *Æneid.*

to see unwelcome zeal set for torture in the midst. This sort of work words do only too well. For blows are single, and the word-blow is very forcible, all the more so for being entirely unhampered, mere sinewy force, quite clear from any difficulties about truth, improvement, or right. Words are very powerful when force apart from truth is required.

Words do not satisfy feeling.—This then is clear, words can teach, and words can attack. Wherever thought-work can be done piecemeal they are effectual, wherever a complete view requires to be presented at once they are not effectual. They are only partially effectual therefore, as has been stated above, in much belonging to the feelings; for the feelings are felt at once, and in very different degrees of intensity, and the piecemeal narrative, if it was ten thousand times more subtle and full than the cumbrous word signs allow it to be, would still not give the instantaneous stroke required.

A thought-stamp wanted.—No one can study thought and feeling without being certain of the fatal incapacity of words. The want of a thought-

stamp, which should at one blow impress a whole image, becomes painfully evident. The pictorial volume of meaning a good metaphor will sometimes convey, may serve to show how clumsy language is compared with thought, and suggest what might be possible in a higher state of existence. Take for instance Anderssen's wonderful creation of the devil's distorting mirror. Who has not felt a thousand times the hopelessness of arguing or dealing with people, who, from some moral defect, have made up their minds wrongly? Who has not seen over and over again men and women with almost every good quality and brilliant endowment, and yet with some little flaw of character marring all? And who has not tried to express in vain this curious hopelessness and character-hitch? But Anderssen's devil's glass does the thing at once. The glass, which distorted all things, and was shattered and shivered, and is now floating in impalpable atoms through the world, whilst every atom still retains its perfect distorting power, and every atom is able to stick in a human heart, and pass its distorted images into it, as the sole medium through which the heart receives its impres-

sions. All the great and varied picture of the character flaw, the uselessness of argument, the hopeless, though trifling, check to truth, is at once stamped in one picture-word as soon as two persons knowing that story and feeling it, can say of a third, he has the bit of glass in his heart. It tells every thing. We can imagine a language used by highly intelligent beings in which every complex idea should be represented by a picture-word and given at once by one accurate thought-stamp. But as a fact all the great human ideas are complex, and none of the words accurate thought-stamps. Words therefore utterly fail to convey very much of the range of the feelings.

Words too narrow for many subjects.—Again, there are many subjects, as for instance all the higher truths of creation and existence and their manifold and intricate relations, that are too large and too complex to be fairly dealt with at all by words, the thought-stamp is absolutely necessary for them, and there is none. And not only so, but the words are after all only names for unknown quantities, and our ignorance of them. The words to be true ought to show at once this want of

knowledge, and not conceal it by giving a name, as if the name meant knowledge. There is great need for a set of ignorance-words in languages.

Truth is not a matter that words can exhaust.—Words then fail even as teaching instruments; far more will they be quite incapable of forcing any great truth on an unwilling mind, both on account of their own nature, and of the nature of mind. For let the best case be put. Let it be assumed that a perfect master of words is using them in the most perfect way. What are the facts? He has a great subject, full of varied thought and complex feeling, on which innumerable opinions can be formed according to the prominence of this or that part, the possession or nonpossession of this or that knowledge, the consciousness or nonconsciousness of this or that relative proportion. But lo! the words at his command no more represent the delicate shades and the variety he wants to express than a map does a landscape; nay, not so much. How can an unwilling mind, or a selfsatisfied ignorant mind not in harmony with the speaker, be knocked into the landscape knowledge—by a map? Or how can a man who hates an uncom-

fortable truth be forced to see it under such a disguise? A fist is not a thought-stamp. Then again, the speaker or writer has no words at his command to put the whole as a whole, all the work is bit by bit, piecemeal; yet in all great subjects the whole *must* be taken as a whole or it cannot be judged. What conceivable means is there by which an enemy can be forced to see as a whole a vast and complex scheme which of necessity must be put before him bit by bit? Science cannot disregard these facts.

Words ambiguous, minds not honest.—But there is a worse defect still. Hitherto words have been assumed to be plain and simple as far as they went. It has been accepted that what they did tell they told distinctly. But this is not the case for a moment. It has been assumed also that the minds of the receivers, however hostile, were honest, and ready to accept truth if it could be brought to their eyes. But this is not the case for a moment. Numbers of words bear an entirely different meaning to different persons, and vary in sense with each speaker. Take, as an example, the common word “man.” Any argument on man’s corporeal

nature must for a time leave out to a great degree his intellectual and spiritual life. But the speaker does not necessarily imply by so doing that a man is nothing more than flesh and blood. The word can mean everything, known or unknown, which is comprised in the nature of the being it stands for. And very often it is impossible to know what it does stand for with any great accuracy. Who, when he writes the word "man," implies to another mind *every time* that exact relative proportion of spirit, soul, and body, and each of these with all its complex subdivisions, that he means himself, if indeed he does mean anything exact? Most likely a dim shifting outline of misty haze represents the word in his mind, if he did but know it. Few ever use words with sufficient accuracy to state anything but broad general outline ideas; though there is scarcely an after-dinner discussion that in the first dozen sentences does not introduce terms and expressions which it would take a lifetime to clear between the speakers, even if some of them by any culture could ever be got to understand them clearly. And all the while they do use the same words and believe they are arguing about the same

subjects. Now this is the case with all important terms ; seeming-single as they are, they are really many-sided and many-sensed, changing and shifting with the speaker. In fact they are just like the fairy tent in a nutshell of the old story. One moment a nutshell is seen, the next a tent which holds five thousand men, then a nutshell again. Or, worse still, each spectator sees tent or nutshell, part or all, shifting as the sentences move on. And the words expand or contract invisibly, at the pleasure of speakers and hearers, independently, very often, of the conscious knowledge of any of them. For there is no intention to deceive ; it may be each thinks they are hearing and seeing the same thing, though the words are to one only a nutshell, a little commonplace outside, and to the other they are the great army-tent full of living power, all or part of the wonderful inner life which the nutshell outside holds. In fact, more often than not, the words are being used in various senses, and frequently convey no exact meaning to either party. This is the case when the speakers are sincere, and there is no intention whatever to lead astray. The most perfect honesty of purpose

may be completely at fault. And the same opinions can be bandied about in hot dispute by men who use the same words and yet believe themselves at variance. So far are words from conveying the same sense to different minds.

Lies, the nature of.—But even this ineffectual gasping incompleteness of words would matter little if a lie was a lie, and truth truth, each separable into its elements. But there is no chemical power claimed as yet which will precipitate a lie when held in solution. And every lie worth anything, or that has any chance of a prolonged existence, has a large proportion of truth mixed up with it. So, as words are many, and each word may have different senses, and each sentence may have many words, and by no possibility can a whole be put at once in one great picture, a complete wilderness may be set before the mind's eye. And in this wilderness a lie may be ensconced. How catch it, as the nimble devil runs backwards and forwards, hiding in the truths amongst which it has got, pushing forward now one and now another, and incessantly shifting ground in tricky defiance? If it is admitted

that conviction would follow proof, still nothing but the whole put in one great picture-stamp would be proof. And as that is impossible, no one can be knocked by force out of his erroneous beliefs. As well hunt a rabbit in a wood with a stick, as try to kill a lie in an unwilling mind by force of words.

Lies not false taken bit by bit.—But even this is not the worst case: this implies an absolute falsehood somewhere. But in the worst lies there is not. For a thoroughly skilful lie is only truth out of proportion, truth dis-located. Every part of the false whole which is finally produced, may as a part be true, but be put side by side with another part to which it is not fitted; and the relative value of the two thus becomes false and out of proportion. The importance of this cannot be overrated, for every virtue and excellency is only a virtue and excellent by being justly proportioned and balanced; justice without mercy is cruelty, mercy without justice is weakness, and so on. Moreover in all practical life a balance has to be struck amongst many circumstances, and what is best under the circumstances to be taken. All practical life, therefore, depends on due proportion being ob-

served; due relative proportion, in fact, is the definition of practical truth. The same wine is a sovereign remedy, or a deadly poison, according to the proportion in which it is taken. Hence the statement made above becomes eminently true—that in a good falsehood every part taken by itself will be sound; but that the combination of sound parts in wrong proportion composes a masterly lie. Many novels owe their interest to this kind of lie, and are an unsuspected poison in consequence; the characters are angelic, pure, or interesting, under circumstances that must of necessity produce the direct contrary; and the readers too often transfer this falsehood to their ideas of real life, and suffer for doing so. Amidst all these subtle and secret imperfections of word-power, how can angry attack do anything to clear the difficulties it increases?

The attempt to force truth is foolish.—All this falseness and pitiful shortcoming lies in the words themselves and the manner of using them. It runs through their whole domain, and the ablest as well as the most ordinary workers are equally exposed to it. Indeed the subtlest form of lie, truth out of proportion, is an especial pitfall of able men.

How then can force and fighting reach or remedy this? So far from doing so, they are directly opposed to it, for calm and quiet and unbiassed investigation gives the only chance of unravelling the clue to the true path; and calm and quiet and unbiassed investigation is obviously much promoted by a hailstorm of hostile bullets round the head of the pathfinder. But human nature is prone to force, and the same rough and ready temper, which makes a savage tomahawk his man, makes the literary savage do the same. Yet as far as truth ever results from a fight, so far it results from the non-fighting feelings, from the willingness, the candour, the suppressed love, that existed in the combatants, and were not entirely extinguished by the fighting. But Science cannot disregard this fact.

The prejudiced mind impregnable.—Nothing hitherto has been said of the greatest cause of all why words are ineffectual, because it is not inherent in words but in the users of them. Yet it cannot be omitted for it is the greatest. Let the user of words have the bit of glass in his heart, and speak from a mind made up, all is over. Everyone is lord of his own mind, and no earthly power, as a

force, can get to the mind of another. The mind is impregnable to force ; and words, the great instrument, are incapable of complete force-work. Yet many speak and act as if forceful proof was all in all. But what man of experience has not found out that as soon as people begin to talk nonsense, and give nonsensical reasons, the case is lost instead of won? When the wolf standing up stream tells the lamb down stream that he muddies the water, it is a bad case for the lamb, though it is easy to refute the assertion. As soon as power talks nonsense it means to eat its victim. And it does not matter whether it is the wolf power of strength, or the stubbornness of the mind which will not give way. Proof, however plain, cannot take an unwilling irresponsible mind by storm, and words can never be certain of making proof plain. Now throw in exasperated self-love, and it is not difficult to see that conviction cannot follow on a word-war ; since, first of all, you are not sure of knocking your adversary down ; secondly, he cannot be made to admit he is knocked down ; and, lastly, when he is knocked down, he must be grateful for being knocked down, and immediately follow his knocker

down with loving intelligent submission, and affectionately wait for the next kick. Hence all the boasts of demonstrative truth, and intellectual perfection, and logic, are false, if by demonstrative truth is meant truth which must compel belief. Apart from mathematics, that subject is a very narrow one, or very superficially treated, which admits of being dealt with in this precise rigid way. No subject connected with man and his destiny admits of this precision. The attempt at precision, and argument of severe and flawless hardness, in such subjects convicts the user either of shallow and narrow views of his work, or ignorance of his instruments for work, or disregard of the laws of mind with which he has to deal. The body is not a greater bar to free flight in air, than words are to free communication of thought and feeling.

Science cannot disregard the imperfection of words.—This want of direct communication between minds, and the very imperfect means at our disposal for impressing full and real images, even when our own perceptions are full and real, ought never for a moment to be lost sight of by

any intelligent honest man. Science cannot disregard such a fact. The vast majority of mankind neither do, nor can, have any accurate perception of words, excepting in ordinary routine, or any power of wielding them accurately. The very ablest, the great poets and writers of all time, can do but little with such tools, compared with what they feel and think. When we come to claims of philosophic precision, world reform, and intellectual sovereignty, it is impossible to state too strongly the utter uselessness of the means at man's disposal for much of the work he attempts to do with them, and makes believe can be done with them. Man's body and man's words are equally cumbrous, equally ill adapted for free flight. No mind is so unbiassed as not to be liable to evade disagreeable statements, and no subject which touches on life can be set out with logical and exact demonstration. Trim garden walks, and formal walls, are out of place as soon as a small and artificial range is passed. They do not belong to kingdoms and worlds. Words cannot do more than roughly hint the truths we feel or know to friendly hearts. This

power lies rather in the magnetic sympathy of mind with mind than in themselves. It would be well if greater pretences were not made, better still if the idea of forcing truth and knocking people into conviction was for ever given up. At all events the limits imposed on man by the nature of things cannot be disregarded with impunity. It is of no use leaping into the air because we wish to fly, unless nature has given wings. It is worse to make the ignorant believe it is done. The first step in true knowledge is to know, and knowing not to conceal either from ourselves or others, what words can do, and what they cannot do, to admit the necessity of a thought-stamp for good mind-work, to confess humbly that words are fatally defective, and that a true thought-stamp does not exist. An erroneous view of words is error everywhere, for all knowledge passes through words. But words are poor halting cripples compared with mind. Science cannot disregard these facts, since they bear with such intense and overwhelming power on the paramount question what is the true progress of the human race.

CHAPTER III.

THE SECOND POINT TO BE CONSIDERED. MIND, THE GREAT WIELDER OF WORDS, PROVED TO BE UTTERLY FEEBLE COMPARED WITH THE WORLD IN WHICH IT FINDS ITSELF.

WORDS must be considered quite incapable of being true exponents of mind and feeling beyond a very limited extent. Within that limited extent lies the whole daily life of mankind in general, with its hopes and fears, its sorrows and joys, and all the ordinary communications of ordinary men. Science will at once recognize the truth of this. Man's position in the world cannot help depending on his one channel of communication, on the only instrument by which mind and feeling are able to work to any extent. Science, when it makes human life its study, will not neglect such a fact in determining what that position is. The true relations between life and the means by which life manifests itself, and the extent to which these agencies are integral parts of human nature and universal, or capable of being separated, partly,

or wholly, without destroying individuality, are well worthy of note. As, for instance, in the case of words and language, what is the value of the three facts,—first, that some few people are dumb? secondly, that mankind have a serviceable average language with its use? thirdly, that some few have a special power of language? And to these may be added a fourth question: what is the significance of the fact that language is so utterly defective compared with what it has to express? The position occupied by the human race as a whole must be determined to a great extent by the answers to these questions.

Mind as imperfect in its way as words are.—Hitherto the measureless superiority of mind to the words through which it must declare itself has been seen, and as far as the defects pointed out are inherent in the words, and dealt with as such, they do not inculcate the mind their master. But the moment words are asserted to be able to do what they cannot do, and great readiness is shown both to spin and to be caught in word-cobwebs, the mind is implicated. The solemn gravity with which the last great spinner

stalks out and proclaims that he has woven a web, and any gentlemanly fly who will walk into his parlour will find the round world caught in it, and if he will but shut one eye entirely, screw up the other, and peep through the little glass in the corner, will see all its inside, is only equalled by the readiness with which the hearers flock and see—what they want to see, with powers of vision immensely improved by the confident reiteration of the showman that only the stupid look with two eyes, and that it is a sign of advanced ideas to shut one. Tricks of words have much to do with this. The spinner is often as much entangled as his visitors, and does not detect the double meanings and all the other failings involved in the want of a thought-stamp. But obviously there is a great weakness in the mind which can be deluded by its own tools, and permit itself to work in utter disregard of its own powers. Nevertheless this is the case. The mind is not master even of its own work, but is perpetually liable to be deceived by what it has itself created.

Mind, a unit in a world independent of it.—

Next let us see what the mind is compared with the Universe in which it finds itself. It is a very curious fact that meets us at the very first step, that the mind even of a child no sooner begins reasoning than it opens on questions of Existence, Creation and the like.

These questions always remain at the same distance. It is infinitely strange that the mind finds itself obliged to accept certain great truths which nevertheless it can neither comprehend nor explain. Infinitely strange that the logical mind must accept certain axioms as it were, without proof, or its logical chain cannot begin at all. Infinitely strange that inquisitive mind is brought up face to face at once with a number of propositions which cannot be denied, and which cannot be mastered. Many start at a later point and evade this great perplexity. But there it is, for all that. Mind falls back dull, deadened, broken-winged, and helpless, as soon as it attempts to measure itself with any of the great original facts. All must admit, all must fall back baffled from the great glass precipices, so clear, so high, of Infinity, Eternity, Self-Existence,

Creation and others. There is no beginning for the logical mind till these necessary admissions are made. But this is a startling, a sobering fact. Man finds himself in the presence of realities so vast that like mountains they overtop him on every side, and close with gigantic walls his horizon. But evident and visible as they are, he gets no nearer to them, and never diminishes their perceptible distance. They are very close and very far off at once. As he advances, they recede, and an illimitable ignorance imprisons man by being illimitable. There is no bound which he can reach; the expanse is everywhere, and as there is no bound, there is no door out of which he can pass and know. Not only powers fail to attain to any nearer point, but the very conception of power and possibility fails to do more than show absolute immeasurable failure to imagine any closer approach to what is so plain as a statement to all. Infinity, Eternity, Self-Existence, Creation. Wherever the mind turns it is confronted by these. The mind finds a prison so endless within these walls that all hope of a beyond dies; it finds a hopeless endless and yet

confining range inside which it is, o'ermastered by it, and not the master of it, forced to admit it, and unable to make it obey its laws of thought. This utter, absolute subjection to o'er-mastering realities before any beginning can be made at all is a fact which cannot be set aside by the student of Life-science.

Man a speck in Creation.—Then, whether it is admitted or evaded, the next step is equally decisive as to the position of man and his mind. As soon as any attempt is made to come to any definite knowledge concerning the world in which we are, the inquirer finds himself in the midst of a vast order, surrounded by countless worlds, each and all of which existed before he had intelligence, and will continue to exist after he has gone, as they have done before he came; which, while he remains, are in no wise affected by his knowledge, great or small, of the manner in which they exist. Yet if but one pebble, a single blade of grass, baffled the powers of a really wise and intelligent being, that alone would tell unmistakeably of a greater Power than himself. As a fact, the ladybird on a flower, or

the flower itself, are not more powerless, more absolutely a part of the universe, than the greatest philosopher that ever lived, who stands by them, is a part of the universe. The ignorance of the one, and the knowledge of the other, are equally far off from taking any part whatever in the carrying on the everlasting order of the worlds, equally incapable of altering in the slightest degree the smallest of the manifold world-arrangements on every side. All goes on just the same in the great organization, whether the ladybird and the philosopher are alive or dead. They are but two of the countless atoms in existence. If the whole human race were swept from earth to day, the great worlds with their other life would do their work, totally regardless of the insignificant loss. The ladybird does not make the sun shine, or the winds breathe, or the rain water the earth, or the stars wind on their course, or the hedges blow, or flowers gleam in the grass, or any one of the innumerable things that are done or exist, be they great or small, animate or inanimate. *No more does the philosopher.* The knowledge of the philosopher, what is

it? This a question which ought to be answered. But whatever it is, it obviously has nothing to do with the carrying-on of the system of the worlds. The water-beetle in an aquarium is as much sovereign of the glass globe and its contents—in which indeed he does play pretty pranks, to the great discomfort of his neighbours whom he eats—as the philosopher on the earth. The water-beetle did not make the globe, or put in the water in which he careers so gaily, still less is he lord of the wide world outside. He has the use of certain elements, so also has the philosopher; he cannot do anything excepting destroy, so also cannot the philosopher. The power of both, when measured with the world in which they both are, is identical in kind, though differing in degree. Neither can change one particle of the conditions of existence which they find. There is no power in man which affects the world any more than there is in the beetle. Man's power affects himself alone. Man's knowledge is confined to an examining and dissecting power, which is wanting apparently in the beetle and the ladybird, but man's know-

ledge affects nothing but man himself, and only affects himself so far as the nature of the subjects he deals with permits.

The power of Man permissive.—Now, subjects are either beneath man, in which case nothing he can do in examining them can raise him, or in any real way make him better; or they are above him, in which case it is not possible that he should acquire any knowledge at all, excepting by permission of the Power above, and by following out the way the Power above intends to be followed. This is evident. The student of Life-science cannot begin without admitting this. The mind must either be dealing with its own property, in which case nothing it deals with can make it more than it was before; or with somebody else's property, in which case it is not possible to wrest anything out of the stronger Hand, unless the Hand chooses to give it; and the Hand may choose to give, according to the spirit of the questioner, good or evil; but in any case only gives what it chooses, only reveals the revelation it thinks fit to reveal. The question therefore, whether the beetle in the globe is supreme, or something else to which

the globe belongs, cannot be neglected. It is of some importance in arriving at the history of the globe.

The knowledge of the limits of a subject all-important.—No knowledge is so valuable to a true mind as the knowledge at the beginning of how to begin, and what can be done. This prevents many fallacies from having any power at all, for it directs the attention to the weak point, and as soon as that is done the delusion vanishes. It has often been stated that no chain is stronger than its weakest link, which of course is true if the chain is held at both its ends. But in argument this is not the case, and the fallacy is practically of the most pernicious kind. For if all strain can be taken off the weak links, a chain may be as strong for the purpose it is applied to as its strongest links. And in argument the confusion always arises from the speaker or hearer passing over the weak links without strain. It is more delusive still if the challenger can persuade his antagonist to grasp the chain some links beyond the unsafe point, and get him to test it then, link by link, onwards. And this is always done when men set to work

on the world-problem as if they were supreme masters of it, and had only to search, to find it all beneath them. Whereas the great problem-words—Eternity, Creation, and others, which are left out—at once throw the inquirer down to a hopeless depth of incapacity compared with the universe he inquires into; and, however plain they seem, are names of impassable barriers, terms for total ignorance.

To know our ignorance, the beginning of true progress.—This ignorance must be admitted, as well as the absolute limitation to knowledge involved in our being in a world which does not belong to us, before any real advance in Life-science can be made. This limitation amounts to no less than the serious fact, that all knowledge must be permissive—that nothing can be found out at all unless the stronger Owner allows it. The mind also must admit that it can only find out by its own powers that which is beneath those powers, and capable therefore of being mastered by them. But this puts all such discoveries into one sweeping category of things useful perhaps, but incapable of really making man in essence and nature better, other-

wise they would not be below him, and such as his own efforts could master.

Intellect can only analyse existing things.—A little analytical power is, in fact, the furthest point the mind of itself can get to. Mind will do well to arrive at a clear conclusion as to what knowledge is, and how far it reaches. And it will do well not to call a little analysis knowledge. What does man really know when he says water is composed of oxygen and hydrogen? What is oxygen? What is hydrogen? Let Science decompose them fifty times, Science comes to a name at last, and has to stop short and call a name knowledge. Man's body is not more an atom in the material universe, than his mind is, compared with the Intelligence which surrounds him everywhere, which has made what he analyses, in the midst of which he moves, totally incapable of altering the smallest condition of the life of the smallest creature, totally unmissed, when in a few short years he drops out of the place he has held in it. These are facts not to be disregarded by a reasoning being: only babies stretch out their hands for the moon. These facts must be accepted if any real progress

is to be made, and the observance of them may be the cause of very real progress in most humble hands. For the stronger a man is who is striding on the wrong path, the farther every step takes him from his goal, whilst a weak man on the right path gets on. And if this is the case when the strength is real, how much worse must it be to pretend to powers which do not exist? To use the mind in utter disregard of what the mind can do, and what the instruments of mind can do, is a sort of madness. To make believe that the great Infinities are servants and slaves of man is madness. To assert that analytical knowledge of a very limited kind is a mastery over Creation is the baby stretching out its hand for the moon.

Science must accept facts: words are imperfect, mind is imperfect.—The scientific student, if in earnest, cannot disregard the great facts—that the only means of communicating knowledge, words, are miserably imperfect as soon as they get beyond rough common work—that the mind is as imperfect, compared with the universe in which it finds itself, as words are, compared with

mind, nay, much more so—and that the knowledge which the mind of itself can arrive at is, as might be expected from these conditions, limited entirely to a low and inferior range, and very imperfect even within that limit. It is quite true that there is inexhaustible interest in such pursuits, for the discoveries are fitted to the capacity of the discoverers; it is quite true that mental powers are delightfully tasked and rewarded by such research and its results; but the student of Life-science has not to consider the pleasure or utility of this or that branch of learning. His subject is man and man's life, the whole human race, not a part of it—the whole human race in all time past, present, and future, not some favoured individuals in some one period or periods. Every theory, pursuit, or learning, must be brought at once to the touchstone, Does it affect all mankind? if so, how? And in taking stand on this, the student of Life-science is sure of his ground, and as soon as he begins to move is able to arrive at real results in testing the value of words, mind, and knowledge, and their pretensions, true or false. There

must be a reason for the strange position assigned to words, mind, and knowledge when this test has been applied, and the facts are clearly seen. Certainly no student of Life can disregard those facts, or believe them to be without significance.

CHAPTER IV.

THE THIRD POINT IS THE WORLD IN WHICH BOTH INSTRUMENT AND POWERS ARE TO BE EXERCISED. MATTER AND LIFE DISTINCT. LIFE NOT MATERIAL.

WORDS, the instrument of mind, have been shown to be very defective, compared with the mind that uses them; and the mind has been shown to be very defective, compared with the universe on and in which it is to be exercised. These laws of Nature ought to decide the manner in which both should work. The Science of Life must take account of such facts in framing any definition of the true work of man and true progress.

Words a great riddle.—What then are words? Some of their properties and uses have been stated. But what do we really know of them? Science answers promptly that they are undulations of air, and talks of laws of sound, and states the facts observed about air and sound, and tickets them, and goes off to something else, as if a door had

been opened and an explanation given, instead of a door shut, and the truth behind it. What is air and sound? Why should the wind which dries a puddle, or overthrows a tree, by any conceivable movement or pressure be any thing but wind in motion, or wind pressed? *Ex nihilo nihil* has long been an axiom in science. Air therefore as long as nothing is added to it remains air. How comes it, then, that the movements of a box called a mouth, without adding anything that can be seen, touched, weighed, measured, or tested in any way, should knock life and spirit-meaning into air; and that air, thus made the vehicle of what can neither be seen, touched, weighed, measured, or tested in any way, should rush into a twisted cavern called an ear, and there deposit its strange, impalpable, burdenless burden of thought in the thought-reservoir of another mind? What is it that is in the air, when the air is words, which was not in the air before? Science answers, Nothing. Yet there is what we cannot tell, though we feel it. There is a birth from man's mind, graspless and viewless like his mind, and no instrument can in any way reach it.

Emphasis an action of Life.—It is not only the speaking of fresh words that has this strange power of mind, the same words with the emphasis altered convey entirely different ideas. What is emphasis, that this should be the case? Take the sentence “Did you give me this information yesterday?” The meaning alters according as the stress is laid on one word or another. But stress does not make air different. Yet it is different. What is it that thus defies our search? Is it living? is it dead? If it is living, how comes it that the words themselves perish in a moment, and are never anything but feelingless common air? If dead, how comes it that they burn with thought, touch hearts, teach, rule, pass on from life to life, always in communion with life, and sometimes, once spoken, never again drop out of heart-sovereignty? Reason tells us that words are more than mere air. Science tells us that, scientifically, they are nothing but mere air. Reason tells us that human life and human feeling is in the air, and passes into other lives and feelings by this means. True, but this is no nearer an explanation than the simple statement that words are a

strange power, and a riddle without an answer. What is it passes? and how? What is human life in itself? What is it in this power of passing out, without being diminished, into external matter without increasing it, whilst all the time we feel there has been a new creation?

Who shall answer this? It is a mystery, in which, by a perpetual acted parable, we get nearer perhaps than we ever shall in any other way to the knowledge of our ignorance of the great unknown nature of life and spirit. Matter is plain enough, and as we men only move matter by material agency, that is to say, matter external to ourselves, it is hard to make our feeble minds think that the original moving Power can by no possibility be matter. But in words there is a dim, far-off, creative action, by which thought makes matter its servant without in any way changing its properties as such. In this daily wonder we do see, we do know, that common air, remaining all the while common air, of the same weight, composition, and density as before, suddenly becomes instinct for a moment with life, is made a connecting bridge between two different

life-fountains or more, and passes life across to life, we know not how, yet we know it is so as well as we know anything. What it is that passes—common as the fact is, and intelligible in a broad general way as the statement is, that thought passes—no one can tell. Still less can it be told how it passes. The idea that air, totally unchanged as air, receives nothing, but yet carries everything, is simply incomprehensible; but it is a plain fact, that man does have this power over air, and can make it serve him as a carrier of mind, and a life power.

Science is baffled by these facts, which show man's ignorance of the nature of Life.—The common properties and workings of air are known. The common properties and workings of mind and life are known. But what air is, and what life is, no one knows scientifically, and can only observe how they act. And this observation teaches us the strange fact, that man is able to make the air a vehicle of his own life-intelligence. And though we are infinitely far off from having power to create anything, or make an independent living being, yet, when we send out words, we do

send out a new creation of something that is a life-power though it is not alive; a life-power, as being freighted with life and capable of communicating that which belongs to life, but not living, as having no independent moving power apart from man. We become assured by this strange tying together of thought and matter, in which each keeps quite distinct, of something within us able to put a sort of life into that which before had none, and which shows no sign of having received it by any change of structure. This may lead us to a dim, far-off conception of the infinity of ignorance that lies between us and the knowledge of spirit in its subtler essence. If we cannot by the greatest effort bring home to our understandings the manner of the operation of life in words which we use so freely, and which are our own doing; how shall we arrive at the inner essence of spirit above us, and independent of us, with which possibly we have nothing in common, which, so far from proceeding from us, may not even let down a far-off link by which we might touch the most distant hint of what it really is? At least the mystery of life in words must make us know the broad distinction between life and matter.

Life independent of laws of matter.—No one can help seeing in this perpetual letting loose of words the curious power by which mind, intelligent life, is entirely independent of the laws of the material world in its manifestation and essential nature, though it makes itself known by matter. It acts on matter as a superior, and, whilst adding nothing to it, diminishing nothing from itself, entirely alters the whole character of the matter it deals with, and is felt as a great and paramount power, known, recognized, obeyed, without giving the slightest indication of its presence which any material organ or instrument can bring to account. Science cannot neglect this fact.

The mystery of written words.—Perhaps the mere knowledge of the existence of intelligent life, this broad distinction between life and matter, and the marvellous creative power of life with its impalpable eluding of grasp, and refusal to be measured, weighed, and spied out, is still better seen when we take words in their petrified form of writing. For here the life-link is farther off still. What is the existence, the whatever-you-please-to-call-it, which travels across four thousand years out of the mind,

say, of Moses to us, and speaks freshly to you and me? "Oh there is none: you are only dealing with symbols," answers science. Very well, so be it. But symbols of what? What part of Moses comes to us in this way? What is the original germ? Do words symbolize his hands, his feet, his tongue, or his brain? Are these black crooked shapes imitations, similarities, pictures, anything of anything, that can be put into visible form, and seen, and weighed, and measured? Do the characters of the Hebrew Bible, as such, contain any conceivable element of life? What then do they contain? What is it, reader, you are reading now? Very wonderful are these mind-waifs, these floating thoughts on the stream of time, these indestructible messengers; a ghostly band on material rafts, visible spirit-forms, where the form has no natural relation to the spirit it bears; untiring couriers, so familiar, and so baffling, as soon as we endeavour to fix their exact being and whereabouts. The simple fact is plain enough, that the immaterial thoughts and feelings of man do launch themselves and travel in this way, are let loose and set adrift with a strange life-germ of their own. But that the mind should be able to catch a

wave of air, and ride on it in this nondescript way, or seize on letter shapes and make them do its bidding so curiously and fully as it does, this may be plain as a fact and familiar enough; but how much further do we get in the endeavour to find out the nature of words and the connexion between mind and matter?

All form is a language, all language life in form.
—Suppose we assert, as is true, that this word-nature is only one form out of many taken by mind, and by which mind declares itself; that is another fact stated of word-nature, but nothing more; a fact which rather serves to throw light on all material shapes than on the words themselves. The words of man declare distinctly that man has spoken them, and not only so, but they declare distinctly the sort of man that has spoken them. Mind is impressed upon them; but the impress of mind, for good or evil, is upon everything that man touches. The things touched, as long as they last, speak of him and his touch. When man puts his mind-birth into a picture-shape, or a statue, or a building, or a tune, these also are all voices, if they may be called so, voices,

which cry to the understanding concerning the being who made them, which tell of his power, his wisdom, his skill, or the contrary, but always tell of him, of what he is. Nay, when he makes an earthenware dish, a broken fragment of that dish a thousand years hence tells as truly of mind employed, is, as far as it goes, a language as distinct as the most glorious poem or building. Every shape made by man is a voice which tells of him to the eye more or less perfectly. Every such form is spirit speaking as far as it is form at all. Each shape is the external manifestation of life in action, or that has acted. This is so much the case with the meanest work of man, that a polished flint becomes the strongest evidence of man thousands of years after the hand that polished it has crumbled into dust. And the reason of this is plain. The working of intelligent life changing a previous shape is evident. There is a known order, and a change in that known order which can be accounted for in only one way. Design can be seen in every form made by man, and thus every form made by man tells of him. Every form is thought made visible and given a body,

as truly as words are embodied thought. And all forms ought to be judged according to the kind of thought they declare. Man always puts part of himself into every shape he makes as truly as he does into words, and in just as puzzling a way.

Inorganic matter a language.—The argument however does not stop here. Immaterial life speaks in every form made by man. There is a mind-birth. How can man who reasons on this withhold the same conviction of a mind-birth made evident in every form organic or inorganic which meets him in these worlds? If the forms did not make themselves, it must be so. If they did, every form is an intelligent living power, and, however senseless it may seem, gifted with a power superior to man. A stone for example is more intelligent than man if it made itself, for it has made what man cannot make. But if matter, however subtle, never moves unless it is set in motion, it cannot have made itself; and, if that be true, all these material shapes are voices telling of their maker. The worlds and all the things on the globe, each and all made in accordance with an intelligent plan, are a language. Intelligent life speaks in

them, and all forms are seen to be in a fashion animate, either really so, as being the casket of life to living creatures; or symbolically so, as expressive of life and intelligence, a speech of God, a language by which He declares Himself to beings incapable of seeing Him in other ways. Thus we are brought inevitably to the conclusion that matter and life are distinct; that material form is nothing else but intelligent life making itself known outwardly; and that all we see is a language appealing to the senses, one vast ceaseless speech of unseen spirit which moves, or forms, or has formed, what otherwise would be still, or non-existent; and which makes use not only of air but of every kind of matter to declare its will, just as man makes use not only of air but of stone, wood, colours, and other matters, in architecture, sculpture, painting, music, and is not confined to words for his speech. All that declares intelligent mind is language, and all matter therefore is a speech. All of it is the "*God said*" of Creation. The very dust beneath our feet is thought. The whole work of Science presupposes this basis. For what is science but the mind of man

trying to read the hidden message contained in matter? If matter was simple, and there was no trace of mind in it, there would be nothing for mind to read. Science therefore studies matter because it is a language, and for no other reason.

Beauty, what it is, what high art ought to be.—
The theory of beauty rests on this truth as its first principle. Beauty is the expression of the mind of God seen through a material medium. All we behold is beautiful in proportion as it is expressive of mind, and of noble mind. This is the case in what we are pleased to call the inanimate creation. Man reads the expression of mind in mountain and sea, in forest, plain, and river. Sky and earth combine to compose the message. The gladness or the gloom gives a soul as it were to the landscape, breathing in tracts of light and shade across the varying scene till all appears to live. Gentle presences as of mercy seem to pass amongst the noon-day hills and linger on their slopes, filling the hollows of the earth with grace, and softening the mood of sun-smitten crags. Man looks, and his spirit answers to spirit, and interprets the handwriting of the Supreme Intelligence. This

is the theory of beauty. And not the least proof that spirit reads spirit in the beauty of earth and sky consists in the fact that this language is quite unintelligible to those whose spirits are not in unison with it, and was totally unknown to the intellectual heathen in heathen days, who never read a line of earth's great parable, never loved it, or watched for its message, but only took the pleasures of sense from it, as indeed the intellectual heathen still continues to do. If there is nothing more than meets the eye, all would receive the same stamp from what they see, for all see the same things. But the spirit language and the life is not readable by any power but spirit sympathy. All see the outside, but spirit alone can interpret spirit; so whole generations pass away without reading what all see. There is more than the outside. Or rather the outside is a manuscript, in which some can only perceive the illuminated letters, and curiously wonder at their shape and colour, in total ignorance of all but this. Others again decipher broken bits and sentences, as in a foreign language, and catch a glimpse of the mind within; but others, in the

fulness of love and knowledge, read the great poem, and are penetrated with its meaning, and raise their own minds to its level, so that mind daily more and more unriddles the secrets of mind, and glows with its light. For the highest beauty is the innermost life and truth of the highest mind expressed in outward significance, the uttermost expression of noble thought, and is far removed from that prettiness which meaner minds mistake for it, far removed from mere surface grace: it is a language in which all can see the coloured letters, but none can understand the meaning or produce any great work in it, who have not insight into the spirit of the writing through humbly learning as a pupil to read it aright. Spirit is only interpreted by spirit, but the outside is seen by all alike.

What an artist ought to aim at, and why.—
This will be the case still more in the realms of life. If earth, and stone, and tree, and river, speak to intelligent minds, much more will there be speech in the higher world of humanity, where matter is a servant of servants, obedient to feeling and life. Expression of noble feeling and noble

life must be the only true beauty there. The whole question rests on the power to see what is noble. In a perfect world every shape must be true, every form must declare its message truly, and be what it seems to be, and every eye and ear will read, and hear, and interpret, aright. But this is not the case on earth, whether it be that the forms are imperfect, or the power of reading is imperfect. There are lying types of form and sound, and lying blemishes of eye and ear and heart, as much as there are lies spoken by man to man in words. Discernment, therefore, and a true spirit is necessary. A watchful, patient spirit of love can alone pierce behind the veil and see true beauty where grosser, weaker, prouder minds find only what is common and base. Subtle truth of expression embodying noble thought or noble feeling will be beautiful to the true heart. This does not vary with the judgment or want of judgment of the spectator, but is a true quality independent of man's opinion. The lowest type is mere outward delicacy of form, surface lines that make shape, and are almost or, we may say, entirely empty of life expression in

themselves, and only show delicacy of proportion in the matter. This kind of beauty is preeminently heathen. The heathen worshipped it, and in their works brought it to an admirable perfection of linear grace. The heathen were right in their devotion to this, the highest point they could reach, a worship of the shape of the letters in the great book. Modern art, to a great extent, is still heathen, busy amongst the letter shapes, and the prettinesses of the alphabet, and the graceful sweep of lines, quite regardless of the meaning, whether there is none at all, or a base and contemptible thought underlying the shapes produced. This is sometimes done ignorantly, as a child might write a vile word in a foreign language not knowing it to be vile ; sometimes intentionally to gain the immediate praise of low minds. But modern heathenism can never be great though it may be popular. Empty line-worship does not embody the excellence of modern life in its work, and cannot advance. The modern idea is subtle expression of noble thought. First this is shown in forms which only reveal capacity for expression ; then, as spirit power prevails, it will rise

through all ranges of expressive, speaking, living faces, where feeling, high and pure, shines through, and the perfection of outline is done away by the hollows of great thought, or noble suffering, of manly daring, or patient endurance, or watchful love, which all destroy the roundness and the bloom in order to let life, and the glory of life and thought, prevail over the animal excellence of linear form. In this way the beauty of noble expression goes on until it culminates in the idea of the glorified heavenly vision, in which all sense of form as mere form is lost, and "the countenance is as the sun shineth in his strength." Where rays of light and expression as an atmosphere of glory, feeling, and power, glow and burn, not formless, but yet the very feet are "as the fine brass in the furnace;" for vivid inward power shines out and defies any attempt to fix definite outline on it, or tie it down for the eye to seize. The highest beauty speaks by a radiant effluence of visible mind. No human art can represent this; but it serves to indicate the standard towards which art should work. The pretty letters have been copied long enough.

Retrograde art, grown up babies.—The highest ideal for ever and ever must be the highest outward expression of the highest life. The highest realisation in each generation must depend on the highest form of expression within sight of each generation. And that depends on the highest point reached by the general life of that generation. As mankind advance in truth of life, each generation will advance in nobility of expression. The highest realisation then is progressive; and the masterpiece of a past age can never be true a second time. The goal is always ahead, never behind. The successful grasping the subtlest truth of the expression which the onward step of the generation has brought into sight as a new thing is the work of any generation that does its work truly. How far is this principle recognized? There is something mournfully childish in the grown-up babies of this grown-up world pouring out their best blood as an offering to the linear shape idolatry and looking-glass beauty of three thousand years ago. But it is pitiful drivelling when the pencil gets into lower hands still, and exquisite skill is wielded by the monkey-mind of a nineteenth-century satyr. This

going back thousands of years in mind with the embellishment added of the last new modern discovery is as incongruous as the traditional court-dress of the new Zealand chief, all complete in his native nudity and a field marshal's cocked hat. The jewel of gold in the swine's snout only makes a more conspicuous hog. The curse of the looking-glass, of the eye without heart, lies on the intellectual world. The mean thought and the vile thought are the mean thought and the vile thought whatever the skill of the setting may be. And mean and vile they must remain, till some interpreter arises to interpret the deep things of life and the worn-out idolatry of linear form be at last overthrown by true principles.

The immaterial character of life.—This subject of life speaking in every shape has been pursued into some of the leading ideas suggested by it, and which naturally follow as soon as the world is seen to be a grand speech. But nevertheless the truth that all outward form is an expression of mind, and that mind employs all matter in this way, only shows us that all creation is a language, without bringing us further in the investigation of

words and of life. The circle of language is enlarged, but we get no nearer to the knowledge of how this takes place. One great result, however, becomes more and more evident; the fact which everywhere declares itself, that all forms, like words, are higher or lower records of an intelligence quite distinct from the material used; of a power which we can trace everywhere giving motion and shape, changing and governing; a power, which in the case of words is the one solitary instance of quasi-creative energy in man, by which man brings something into the world which was not in it before in any shape, and leaves something in the world endued with a sort of vitality not gathered from any element which was in it before, and incapable of being reduced to any element. Wherever we meet it, and we meet it everywhere, there is one only answer that every one must give about it, ignorance, total ignorance, of the essence of life, coupled with an unqualified acknowledgment of its existence. There is not a name in language, or a power in thought, to define the kind of connection between the mind-waif and its shape, or the kind of life a writing has, or the kind of death,

if that is more expressive. It is a riddle without an answer, and so we leave it. But it is a riddle that, however riddling in other respects, most plainly declares immaterial life.

CHAPTER V.

THE FOURTH POINT IS LIFE AND MATTER, THEIR RELATIVE VALUE.

ALL matter has been shown to be a language, a vehicle, that is, by which life and intelligence make themselves known. This is plain in the instance of words, and the same proof applies step by step to all matter. This fact begins the investigation of the circumstances in which man is placed, the world in which he moves, and the position he occupies in it. Of necessity, before all branches of knowledge, the channel through which all knowledge passes demanded attention. No one engaged in drawing attention to knowledge could rightly omit words, the instrument by which all knowledge is communicated, or the powers of mind which work through words. But the moment the actual search begins, the question of life and matter is the first question. Fact-observation brings man at once to matter on the one hand and

life and intelligence on the other. A few words on their relative positions will not be out of place. Let us see what chemistry has to say in the matter.

The skill of the Chemist and its province.—The cardinal point of chemistry is that it weighs everything, and by means of the balance has done away with speculations on natural phenomena. The chemist weighs and analyses matter, and then by synthesis reproduces the substance under his hands. The chemist has discovered that the same exact relative proportions are always preserved in every compound body which is in true combination. The chemist, as far as he succeeds in analysis, can always, in theory at all events, reproduce the thing analysed by the proper admixture by weight of the elements. The great law of matter is that it always acts in the same way, and a property or combination once known is always known. Let us apply this. Some philosophers have got so far in their analysis of life as to find it in its purest and simplest form in a nettle. Chemically speaking, this is very satisfactory. Let us not stop at the nettle. Take the tissue of the nettle in which

life was ; as long as it is unchanged in weight and proportion, chemically speaking, life is there. Resolve it into its gases and ultimate known elements, chemically speaking, life is there, and having found these, consider the problem solved. For it is the boast of chemistry that the proper admixture of the component parts, as determined by analysis, produces the result, however unlikely it may seem that such admixture should do so, as in the case of artificial lapis lazuli. Chemically speaking therefore, the proper quantities, once discovered and combined by weight in due proportion, will of course produce the living thing, if the living thing is only a chemical compound. As this mixture can be made, we may fairly assume that the great *elixir vitæ*, the despair of the alchemists, has been found. We may fairly take it for granted that no further difficulty will be experienced in keeping alive creatures that already exist, even if at present defective manipulation prevents the making new ones, which the “*tendencies*” of science most certainly indicate will be done.

Chemistry does not analyse living things.—Per-

haps, however, till it is done, it is safer to leave dogmatic prophecy, which used to be called unscientific, and stick to facts. There is one rather remarkable fact to begin with—that the chemist never submits to his analysis the living thing at all. As soon as the analysis begins, the thing is dying or dead. And nevertheless, though dead, the elements, considered chemically, are all there, unaffected by the death. Next, because certain chemical processes take place in living beings, it does not follow that life is a chemical process, and the living being a chemical result. Because cookery is carried on in the kitchen of a palace, it does not follow that a palace is a cook-shop, or kings cooks.

Matter not self-moved, unintelligent, always the same.—Let us now proceed to some other properties of matter. The fact-observer sees matter in every instance where it is simply matter requiring another impulse to set it in motion, however subtle the material essence may be; and also in every instance quite unintelligent and always the same, however subtle the material essence may be. Light and a stone are in these respects equal.

The knowledge of one ray of light and its action is the knowledge of every similar ray of light and its action for ever. These great distinctions are universal. Let us advance a step further, and see matter in a more complex state. Words will again serve as an example. Words are not simple matter. They are a vehicle for something more. But no one believes air or ink to be alive, because the air or ink conveys an idea from life, and is made the agent of a new power. Why should the vehicle through which life declares itself, or in which it works, in any other case be properly living because it is so intimately connected with life? A man's clothes are not his life, a man's skin is not his life, and if the body is cut away piece by piece, the life is never caught. All that takes place is, the life is separated from the chemical constituents of the body, as also the body can be separated from its clothes. The clothes are the same clothes with or without the body. The body is the same body with or without the life. Can Science gravely tell us, because we do not see the life that is gone, or weigh it, that there is nothing gone when all the phenomena of the body are changed, and cannot be

put by Science back again into the state in which a minute before they were? This is indeed philosophy—to assume the non-existence of everything which cannot be brought under human instruments, in spite of the other evidence of a different kind. It is easy to prove anything, provided *carte blanche* is taken for the conditions of proof.

Science either knows the component parts of matter and can produce them, or else does not know.—Science is bound to produce all the elements in any analysis and construct synthetically the thing analysed, or to admit that its knowledge is defective. If air is analysed, and Science says that air is oxygen, nitrogen, and carbonic acid gas (substituting three names of unknown things for one), we believe so far, because it can separate air into these unknown things and combine them again. But if oxygen, for instance, constantly ceased to retain any of the properties of oxygen, whilst the chemist found it by analysis unchanged, we should decline to believe that the chemist knew what oxygen was, even up to the very limited point of having discovered its elements. In like manner, in the matter of living organisms, we must

decline to believe that Science knows what life is, even up to the very limited point of its elemental composition. Where life begins, Science, as represented by any processes of examining matter, stops. All things it touches are separable into certain elements. All inanimate things it touches, when separated into these elements are known, and can potentially be reproduced. But animate things when separated into their elements have lost something which no man can recall. If we give the name of "life" to that something, that power, that unknown quantity, we only mean, as far as Science goes, that, discarding the balance as omnipotent, and having some regard to facts of a different kind, we recognize the existence of something at which our knowledge stops, and name that something, instead of confounding it with what it is not, and implying that we know what it is. Any argument against this statement, based on the new properties and forms that result from chemical combinations, is absolutely worthless, and need not be noticed, until it is shown that these properties and these forms are distinct in kind from the matter that composed them, do not obey

the laws of matter, and have an independent action of their own, which Science can destroy, but cannot even analyse, much less produce. There is nothing analogous to life in the changes of form in matter, or changes in material properties. Matter changes when external power brings it in contact with other matter. The changes under the same conditions are always the same; once known, always known. Matter never moves unless it is set in motion by some other power, and when set in motion its motion is invariable in kind. What analogy has this with life? Inert non-movement, want of intelligence, and sameness, obviously make matter occupy a definite and very well marked place in the world, and put it on one side as utterly distinct from life.

Matter a mere instrument, a dead force requiring a mover.—The question next rises, What is the value of matter, what relation does it bear to man? The distinctions already noted determine at once the part assigned to it. Life moves, matter does not move. Life is intelligent; matter is non-intelligent. This statement is not impaired by the fact that unintelligent vegetable growth is called life,

and placed by advanced philosophers in the same category as human life. For, first of all, it is certain, as will be shown further on, that the use of the name "life" for these different phenomena is not correct, they are not in the same category. And, secondly, if they were, the only legitimate conclusion which the "iron logic of facts" would force upon us would be this, inasmuch as we see life is intelligent in proportion to its development, as is evident in the case of the human being who is provided with proper material organs to show it, whereas the impairing these organs makes the same life appear non-intelligent, therefore the life of plants is in its essence intelligent, but entirely overpowered and choked by the unintelligent medium of coarse matter in which it is forced to work. The argument would result in proving the utter non-intelligence of matter as able to destroy intelligence in life wherever the life-power is not strong enough to make it work in obedience to its more perfect tendencies. But, indeed, it is only in modern philosophy, that arguing from doubtful premisses, when clear premisses are to be had, is glorified. In all other departments of human

knowledge men take their certainties and found their conclusions on them, and will acknowledge the cogency of the statement—that without all doubt stone is matter, and without all doubt stone is unintelligent and without life, and therefore without all doubt life and intelligence are not necessary properties of matter, therefore matter in its simplest form is something different from life and intelligence. But if matter in its ultimate essence is different from life and intelligence, then the difference is obviously so stupendous that no confusion of nomenclature can affect it any more. So then life moves and is intelligent. Matter does not move and is non-intelligent. Matter accordingly, unless set in motion and used by life, lies absolutely inert, and without motion. It is a mere instrument of life. And, as a mere instrument, immeasurably inferior, no more worthy of knowledge for its own sake than a spade or a plough.

The knowledge of dead machinery can raise no man in the scale of living beings.—Matter, as matter, is below every living being, infinitely below man, and the knowledge of all matter and all the material worlds put together, with all their vast-

ness, all their beauty, all their varied machinery, so far as they are simply matter and there is no higher Power at work in them—as by theory there is not if they are simply matter, or so far as their simply material part is studied—can by no possibility make man a higher and better being, unless the absurdity—that worse things can make better, and lower things can make higher—is no longer an absurdity. All these wonders are only machinery; no more than instruments. And to us who cannot make them they are the same sort of curious problem, only infinitely greater, that any beautiful machinery is to an ignorant person; a steam-ship, for instance, to a savage. But the wonderful excellence of the ship and its engines, and all the marvellous skill employed in its construction, do not make the ship in nature one bit nearer the savage who is ready to worship it. Neither do we proceed to elevate the nature of the poor ignorant man by an elaborate exposition of ship-worship and its divine claims, and fall on our knees to the engines to show him how to do it, as the intellectual engine-worshippers of our days are doing by the sun and other machinery powers.

The ship bears witness to the excellence of its maker, and so do the material worlds; but apart from the life that made it, the ship is mere dead wood and iron, incapable of self-action. This also is the case with the material worlds. Anything, however vast, or beautiful, or strong, devoid of life is, as compared with any real life, absolutely valueless. The life of a fly, for example, is higher and more precious than all the glory and beauty of innumerable starry worlds which are only matter.

“As life apparent in the poorest midge
Is marvellous beyond dead Atlas’ self*.”

What is man as a knower, when he knows nothing of things beneath him? What is knowledge as an agent of progress, which is only concerned on things beneath man, and concerned in vain? What is knowledge as an agent of progress, which, if it did know, is confined to so few? It is clear that knowledge under such circumstances can be intended to play only a subordinate part in the true progress of the world. This may be mortifying, but if it is true it is useless to try and ignore the fact.

Recapitulation of the argument.—Let us recapitulate

* Browning’s *Poems*.

tulate a little the results arrived at. No one can doubt that there is great interest and great use in scientific research and knowledge. But why it is interesting, and in what spirit it should be studied, and the position it finally occupies, are questions which involve serious issues. We are brought face to face at once with the necessity for a clear understanding of what is the value of man's powers as compared with the Universe. As soon as this problem is started, a man must begin with the admission that he is a learner in a world of which he is a simple tenant, utterly unable to account for his being there at all. Everywhere he finds himself brought face to face with a vast machinery entirely independent of him. He is endowed with powers which enable him to see much, he is endowed with powers which enable him to make use of some of the things he finds, but he is not endowed with powers which make any thing of those possessions, in the midst of which he stands, really his own, or by which he can alter in the slightest degree the real nature of the least of them. He brought nothing into the world, neither can he carry anything out. Fact-observation and analysis are all that are really his

own as far as they go. And even in these he is by no means great. Catching facts, if we are to believe the facts of all that bring them to market, and their contradictions, is a precarious game, and involuntarily suggests sometimes Dr Johnson's definition of fishing. Then, as he proceeds, the distinction between life and matter meets him at once, and the fact, that, whilst he can analyse matter and control it in some degree, he is incapable of analysing or discovering the life of but one fly. The instrumental character of matter, its inertness, and immeasurable inferiority to that which has life, becomes evident. It follows at once from this that the knowledge of matter, if it was universal and complete, would nevertheless be no true progress to man endowed with life, nor to be called by the name of Truth, if by truth is meant a higher reality worthy of the nature of the inquirer. For matter, as matter, is utterly beneath man, excepting so far as he is able to see spirit-power speaking in it, and then it is not mere matter.

Science must take all the facts.—Moreover, not only is knowledge of this childish character com-

pared with what there is to be known—not only is knowledge, as far as it is known—confined necessarily to a few, and thus excluded by the first axiom, which demands universality, from any title to true progress; but the channel by which knowledge is conveyed is hopelessly imperfect, and always must remain so, excepting in subjects of a low order. If knowledge is to be measured by the difficulty of acquiring it, as is generally the case, and an artificial value be set on it, as on a diamond, on this account, well and good. There is no objection to this, if it stops here. But if diamonds are to be set above bread, and a nation starved that a few may have diamonds, then the artificial value is objectionable. The possessors of the diamond, knowledge, are likely now as ever to rebel against the facts which disprove the worth of their jewel. But, if truth is the object, their doing so, though a natural weakness, will not in the end alter truth, or make an artificial value real. Let facts decide, but all the facts. We refuse to be bound by a judgment which lays down its own laws to suit its own cause, and picks and chooses its own evidence.

No one objects to scientific facts, many object to scientific guesses.—There is plenty of room for everything in this wide world that is in its place. The glories of Science are never likely to be dim, and if Science works with the full perception of its true work, every voice will give praise. Even without this perception, so long as Science advances proved facts, however extravagant the claims of scientific men for themselves may be, Science will be welcome in every enlightened home. No one is afraid of truth—of facts; but all the facts are wanted, and no guesses, not simply facts of weight or measurement. Science has a glorious work: the study of the world in all its inexhaustible riches is before it. The great book of Creation is open, a book so wonderful, that the mere illuminated letters, or the grammar of its formation, can arrest and employ man's intelligence for ever, quite apart from its deeper meaning. And there is no reason why the grammar of formation should not be studied apart, provided always that its precise value is recognized and kept in sight. That which can be touched, and weighed, and measured, is so infinite compared with human intelligence, that

no end can be imagined to the interest of searching it out, so rich in all wonderful design, that the intellectual savage, who only works at it to adorn himself, nevertheless can find numberless pearls and precious stones, and we do not grudge him his toilette. The treasury of Creation will ever be full for all who go to it. But matter is matter, and life life, however close the link between them may be. The study of matter does not necessarily include the study of life, and of necessity excludes it the moment the assumption is made that life in its essence and origin is subject to material investigation. No manipulator has yet been developed by the tendencies of modern science whose forceps has caught thought or feeling, or who has succeeded in getting them into a retort; though matter has lately become a great fetiche, and fetiche-worship very fashionable. True science is so noble, and the labours of scientific men have done so much for mankind, and the facts collected been so valuable, that guesses and eccentric fireworks may be pitied and passed by, as natural weaknesses of men more clever than strong. Astronomy has got beyond the stage of astrology and prophecy, no

doubt the science of material research will in a generation or two do the same, and Science receive at all hands the honour due to it. A generation that confounds astrology and astronomy will always persecute its Galileos and praise its astrologers. But the cause of the persecution is the astrologers who have been only too successful in mixing up true and false claims. It were much to be wished that the world were rid of its astrology in all branches of science. For the science of matter is not the science of life. Nor is prophecy, whether applied to the unknown past or unknown future, fact.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FIFTH POINT IS LIFE, ITS MANIFESTATIONS, AND KINDS.

NO one can see the distinction between life and matter, without at once recognising the purely mechanical place matter fills, and the impossibility, absolute and total, that matter, as matter, can in any way ennoble man. Its knowledge and its use must, from the nature of things, be equally servile and instrumental. Let there be no mistake on this point. Matter, as matter, is one thing, and all researches into matter, as matter, should be kept distinct; matter, as the visible exponent of spirit-life, is another, and its changed and wonderful character is due to the spirit-life it declares; just as, in a far-off type, air, as air, is one thing, and air, as Shakespear recited, is another; and the change is due to Shakespear, not to a difference in the oxygen and gases. Now those who investigate matter, as matter, have no business to treat

it as Shakespearized air, and exalt their work by doing so, or to ascribe effects to air as a gaseous compound which are due to Shakespear. Matter, as matter, and the knowledge of matter, as matter, is mere shopwork—the learning how to prepare articles for use, and for the comfort of man. And matter, the spirit-instrument and spiritualized, is another thing altogether, and not to be dealt with as matter.

Men who have life, and who know, cannot be ignorant of life, if they are knowers.—Next of all, life in its various manifestations engages attention. Life might be thought a subject in which man would find himself especially at home, it is so close, it is ourselves. We must know it. A man in a foreign land is not expected to know the land by instinct. No one would think of reproaching a stranger for losing his way in a new country. But that a man should not know his own language, and should lose his way in his own home is inconceivable. This, however, is only too true of the inquiring and intellectual being, the undeveloped deity who claims to be supreme lord upon earth, when he comes to the subject of life. A few

moments' calm reflection will convince any one that a being so ignorant is, in point of knowledge, completely below consideration, and that knowledge can by no means be a main object in his existence, seeing that he does not know anything by nature of the mere mechanism which is himself; that few out of millions attain to any science in the matter, and none to any real knowledge of life, though life has gone on for countless generations unaffected by their ignorance. When man turns to himself, his knowledge, if knowledge is his excellence, ought to be natural and intuitive. Teaching belongs to subjects that are not naturally ours, and the person taught receives the learning of another on some subject originally external. Yet man has to learn and be taught about himself. Where does the teaching come from? Who sets the lesson? Who is that other that furnishes the knowledge? When man turns to himself, he finds himself to be in body a world of action, which goes on, whether he is waking or sleeping, quite independent of him—a world of action which he can stop, hinder, destroy, but not make, set going, or even keep going. No single

one of these lords of intellect can give a perfect account of the working of the machine that is himself, and this too with the accumulative knowledge of ages of study to draw on for information. This ignorance has gone on for thousands of years in innumerable millions, who nevertheless have lived and died and done their allotted work in spite of it. To such an extent is life independent of knowledge.

Animation one kind of life.—Nothing is more plain than the existence and effect of life as a fact. Known or unknown, life animates material bodies and gives rise to phenomena in matter utterly distinct from anything pertaining to mere chemical agency. Known or unknown, life works in thought and feeling, and gives rise to phenomena quite distinct from anything pertaining to bodily existence. First, then, the power by which animation is kept up is one kind of life. This power in infinite variety works in millions upon millions of living creatures besides man. Every race of creatures, for ought we know, may have a natural life distinct in essence from every other race. It is useless to assert this is not so, *till* something, how-

ever slight, is really known about life, and not merely about the organs through which life works. Every race of creatures must have a natural life distinct in kind from all other races, as the races themselves always remain distinct. At least as far as we know, they do. There is no proof whatever that they do not. Science will scarcely advance guesses against facts. We have the positive evidence of all the hundred years that the race of to-day is the same as it was four thousand years ago. We have the still stronger evidence of millions of years—during the whole of known time—that there has no single instance been found of a creature in a transition-state, half one race and half another. However near the races may be, the line between has always been crossed, no creature has been found half over it. Yet if races do develop into other races, or ever have done so, innumerable creatures ought to be found in a transition-state, filling up through all stages of transition the gaps between the races. Indeed there ought, evidently, to be no distinct races at all on such an hypothesis, but countless numbers of tentative developments, as lapse of time would clearly afford endless scope for

new combinations and fresh unsettlements of any original type or types, and render anything like a distinct race-type impossible. All would be transition. But this is not the case, and it requires a very advanced philosopher to get over such a flaw in the evidence and in the facts; nay, let even the most advanced philosopher call in the aid of the best artists, and proceed by the most skilful gradations to effect any one of the changes of transition which in theory he so liberally deals out, and if he does not laugh heartily at the shapes produced, his mortification will be stronger than his philosophy or sense of humour. Yet it is certain that in countless millions of years the transition-creatures must have taken the forms he is forced to make them take. And these forms are only the outsides. The possessors of transition insides, what does philosophy say to that? *Solvuntur risu tabulæ*. There is no transition from race to race. What then is bodily life, if the races always remain distinct? The distinction obviously is not a bodily one, or connected with the matter of which the body consists. For the material of which the bodies are made is clearly

not distinct. We do not want the aid of chemical analysis to tell us this. All kinds of insects, birds, fishes, animals, man included, either actually furnish bodily sustenance to each other, or are indirectly nourished by the same matter. In other words, the matter of which the bodies consist is perfectly interchangeable; bodies chemically are the same.

The change in the living body must be accounted for.—But this is the least fact to be considered. These chemical constituents are not taken once for all, moulded into a given form in given proportion, and the separate creature produced. If this were the case, there would at least be something definite to deal with. The case is quite different. For example, let a man, a dog, a horse, a bird, a fish be taken; let them be viewed as chemical retorts; fling bread into every one of these retorts, which chemically are identical in composition, and bread becomes man-body, dog-body, etc. as the case may be, and the creature ceases to live unless the supply is constantly kept up. For the body is not made once for all of matter put in a certain shape, it makes itself and keeps itself in existence.

A body never remains the same body one second of time, if by "same" is meant composed of the same matter. The matter which composes a man's body is no more his own body, if by "own" is meant anything fixed, than the money, with which he bought the bread which became body, is his own in any permanent sense—the money is his because he owns it. Where then is the owner of the body? The body, like the money, is a circulating medium. Its particles are perpetually flowing out and being renewed again, so that the body of to-day is different from the body of yesterday, and again different from the body that will be to-morrow, if the being lives. Every particle is changing place always. Particles are ever entering, being deposited, moving on, passing away, and others again entering. There is no rest. A river is not more surely different water to-day from the water of yesterday, than the body of to-day is different from the body of yesterday. The river is called the same river, because the banks and bed in which it runs remain the same; but in the body there is no unchanging mould of this kind, all changes. What is it makes the body the same

body? Our knowledge of what takes place in the body tells us that, if we could see it, we should look on a ceaseless hurrying activity of change in millions of particles dying and growing, coming and passing away, on a settled plan simultaneously. Higher and different powers of sight would show us our bodies as a kind of shifting sand-heap for ever running in definite order. Possibly we might see a sort of transparent cloud, or conglomeration of atoms, incessantly being evolved, and floated away again round a fixed point, as matter was perpetually taken in, and given off again, by a self-sustaining certainty in the midst of all this movement and whirl. But how convey by words the idea of the enigma of this self-produced, self-sustained, unresting, changeful, unchanging, ever-moving identity, which we call the body, and declare to be the same body? How put in clear view the contradictions involved in the fact of a body which from infancy to age is so definitely the body of *A*, so distinctly the same body, whilst actual irresistible evidence shows us that materially it is never the same? The difficulty is not lessened by saying that the change is so gradual that it is

imperceptible. In the first place, the change is not gradual, but incessant, and sometimes, even to our ideas, strikingly sudden. And, in the second place, if it was gradual, the allowing time for a power to work, may make the work less startling to us, but does not get rid of the power that works. If a man ran a mile in a minute and left a letter, it would be a marvellous thing to us; and when he runs a mile in five minutes it is not marvellous. But in both instances there is the man who runs, the power which carried the letter has to be accounted for, whether it is done in one minute or five, whether we see it done, or do not see it done. Thus whether the change in the body is quick, or not quick, obvious to our senses, or not obvious to our senses, the fact to be dealt with remains the same. The body whilst alive incessantly changes, and is never the same, yet always to us is the same; when dead, its component particles cease to move in this incessant way. But this cessation means that the body no longer continues the same body, and that its elements take their own chemical course, and are not a body any more, but simply chemical elements undergoing chemical changes.

Once more, what is it holds together this change-ful gaseous cloud and strange conglomeration, which we call the body, for so many years, in such a way that it is always recognised as the same body by others, always felt to be the same by the man himself, though all the time millions upon millions of particles are coming and going incessantly? There must be something fixed and unchangeable which makes a body one body, in spite of this, from infancy to age. There must be a most rigid inexorable power, which for every race of creatures seizes on matter and turns it into the body for that race without fail. There is a stupendous marvel in this unvarying purpose, in this tenacity, which never falters in countless millions of instances, but always out of the same matter makes results so different during all time. What is this central power in each case, which determines the changeful elements in their wonderful order during so many years, and *never makes a mistake*? What is this bond, the withdrawal of which, though all the chemical constituents remain the same, changes the body in a moment from a power above chemistry, and able to master and direct

chemical processes where they are in action, to a lump below chemical processes and at their mercy; so that by the agency of chemical processes the body melts away without the possibility of renewal, and bodily identity ceases? There must be something which deals with matter in this lordly way, which evolves, assimilates, marshals, fixes, and dismisses when used, the elements which we call a body, and their varying material. And that something must be different in every race of creatures, or the creatures would not be different. There must be something, the withdrawal of which leaves every body a lump at the mercy of chemical processes, whereas a moment before it was not at their mercy.

The facts of the body declare a power apart from the body.—It is impossible to account for the facts unless there is some power apart from the body. That something is called Life—Bodily life, whatever that may be. A good name enough to represent a very plain fact, though the giving a name does not necessarily mean in this case that we know any thing—beyond the fact of its presence—a bit more than the name Oxygen in a chemist's

mouth means that he knows what oxygen is. The working in both instances is known, in the case of oxygen the agent is also caught, but nothing more is known because of that. Bodily life must be a power in each body, shaping and developing all its materials. Bodily life must be a different power in different races, or it could not make the same matter into so different a result, and in every instance have the same result invariably follow on its action. Bodily life takes matter, the same matter, and makes it into the body of philosopher, lobster, dog, etc. as the case may be, or turns one into the other always with the same power; and when life is withdrawn, the matter of which any body is composed becomes mere matter once more, and equally undistinguishable, whatever the body may have been. Such is Bodily life, or Animation.

Animation does not account for all the facts.—

But is this all? Man finds a world of thought and feeling in himself, which has nothing whatever to do with sustaining or moving his body, or supplying his bodily wants. This impels him to live a life in which his body, himself, as he sometimes calls it, is either set aside, or sometimes entirely sacrificed,

for the sake of this other life. The intellectual man does not live for his body; the martyr, and all votaries of right and wrong, care for it still less. But this life of thought and feeling is still more beyond man's reach, though it is himself, than the world of bodily action, independent as that is of his knowledge. We name familiarly sleep, dreams, memory, thought, feeling; and few pause to consider that every one of these words, and each of all the terms we employ about ourselves, is an absolutely unknown mystery, as unknown as the flora of the planets (if they have a flora) or anything analogous to it. Yet all this is—ourselves. Further investigation shows us this strange power—which man calls himself, just as he calls his body himself—changing, growing, gaining, losing, altering in every conceivable way, quite independently of the state of the body, so that the body may be strong, and this other self weak, or this strong and the body weak. “The ruling passion strong in death” has passed into a proverb. For indeed what has love, and hate, real love, and real hate; to do with the state of the body? Sometimes, again, this self is in direct antagonism to the body and

forces the body to destruction. Sometimes it is itself tempted by the body, enslaved by the body, and deliberately does things it execrates from sheer inability to resist, being in turn compelled to destroy itself. Now this is a strange, an impossible fact, this antagonism even to death, if these two are one and the same life. It is a universal law, that unity does not quarrel with itself. It is a universal law, unchangeable in every creature in which animal life is distinctly predominant, that all the powers and efforts of that creature are devoted to the maintaining animal life. It needs must be so. Unity cannot quarrel with itself or it would not be unity. The horse in a wild state, like every wild animal, does everything in order to live; and it is not till a stronger and independent will, that of the rider, is brought to bear on him, that he ever exercises the body so as to injure the body. This law is universal. Animal life is paramount with animals when they are left to themselves. In man alone we see an entirely independent will, *a rider* lodged in the same body with animal life; a will which very often wastes, breaks down, or destroys the animal life and body, and forces it, as the

rider does the horse, to tasks which are painful and prejudicial to itself. Nay suicide, revolting as it is, must at once prove to the philosopher that bodily life and the body are servants of a higher power lodged within; a power which declares that bodily life, the summum bonum of all animals, is worthless in comparison of things which do not belong to the body or bodily life, or it may be to life on this earth at all; worthless too in comparison of the great sorrows which sting and goad the higher life. The good man and the bad man are equally proofs of this fact. Is it possible to resist the conviction that there is *a rider* in man? Can lives be the same which thus strangle each other? Surely the independence and distinctness of the two lives in the one being, man, are very clearly traceable.

Look again at the ordinary conditions of ordinary life. The natural law is that strength of character grows more and more as the man grows old, whereas as a man grows old strength of body grows less. As has been observed above, not unfrequently at the moment of death the life of thought and feeling is very vivid and intense, and is seen to be so; whereas utter feebleness, and the flicker of a

departing light, is in the body. Volumes might be written on this subject, as on many other points noted in this book, but these suggestive facts are enough to show the practical difference between bodily life, and the higher life in the body, whatever may be thought or believed about the ultimate essence of the two. These are facts, though not amenable to the knife of an anatomist, or the scales of a manipulator. If it is objected that there is but one set of bodily apparatus, and that two agencies cannot use the same channels, the objection is irrelevant unless the assertion is also made that a channel must always run with the same contents, which is absurd. At all events the facts already stated are facts, and there are many others like them. It is a fact that there is a life of thought and feeling lodged in the body. It is a fact that this life leads mankind to rate the body and bodily life very low, and induces thousands to strive unceasingly for objects quite distinct from the body and its life. If only one man was thus induced to live it would be a phenomenon worthy of the deepest philosophic consideration. Perhaps it would receive it if it were a solitary instance ; and men

would flock from the study of matter external to themselves, and of their bodies, which they had hitherto called themselves, to study the strange spectacle of the singular being who presented the stupendous contradiction of a life which rose above both, and which deliberately acted in their opinion against itself. Is this less remarkable because it is universal? The number of facts and instances is an illogical reason for disregarding a subject. It is still more illogical to declare that only that which can be cut or measured or weighed or numbered, &c., shall be considered proof; and perhaps most illogical of all to take a small fraction of a great subject, and put aside all other parts though higher and more important that belong to the subject. This is done when anatomical studies claim the title of the science of Life. Life-science to man in its true sense can be nothing else but the study of the higher kind of life, the life of feeling and thought peculiar to man. This is Life-science, this with its hopes, its beliefs, its manifestations, its actions, its facts. Anything short of this is the science of matter, if it deals with simple matter; or the science of animation, if it deals with bodily

life. Feeling and thought alone are worthy of the name of Life, when man who loves, and feels, and thinks on things better and greater than any that this earth offers is dealing with his own nature. This, and nothing short of this, is Life-science.

Life-science the only true knowledge.—These facts are put forth as simply incontrovertible. These facts divide the world open to man's intelligence into two parts; on the one side there is matter animate and inanimate, which as matter is capable of material investigation, and which is below man. On the other side, there is Life as displayed in Feeling, and Thought, and Belief, founded on the facts of Life. This, and this only, is equal to man, or higher than man. The science of this is Life-science. Nothing which does not come into the scope of Life-science is capable of raising mankind, or indeed forms any part of the true development of the human race as a race, for three conclusive reasons; whatever form such knowledge may take, it is partial in extent, and can by its nature belong to only a few; it is partial in time, and can by its nature comprise but few generations; and, thirdly, it is by its nature beneath man.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SIXTH POINT IS A SUPREME INTELLIGENCE. A DIGRESSION ABOUT "FACTS." SOME CONCLUSIONS IN CONSEQUENCE.

ALL truth is an appeal to facts. But it may be well to say a few words on the term, fact. The results of touch, and sight, and weighing, and measuring, have been forced into undue prominence of late years, but they do not constitute the only facts. Every certainty is a fact. Every certainty be it good or evil, wise or foolish, is a fact as positive as the facts weighed in the chemist's scales. Nay more, in many instances, the truth or falsehood of a thing put forth has nothing to do with its significance as a fact. Nay the student of Life-science finds many of the most important facts to be the delusions to which mankind are liable on all subjects. For instance, if the facts of the last chapter are facts, and the conclusion a fact in this vast world, then it is also a fact that nine-tenths of the

claims of modern intellect are either absolutely false or belong to a lower order of things. A delusion which practically makes many of the leading intellects in each generation play at make-believes like children is a most stupendous fact. Grant to the full the incapability of proving these facts to a certain class of minds, this ignorance does not alter the fact, if it is a fact, or make it less certain that any fighting against it can only lead to ultimate overthrow and present evil, even though present evil take the shape of temporary renown. Science, of all things, ought to recognize that the ignorance of mankind does not make a fact not a fact; even if that ignorance be the ignorance of scientific men. *E pur si muove* was not less true during the whole centuries of cycles and epicycles and wasted efforts than at the moment Galileo spoke it; and popular scientific persecution did not alter, though it delayed the recognition of it. Yet the popular science of the day, and the great names the people worshipped, steadily denied the fact. Time passes on, the shapes alter, but the processes remain the same, and the dominant faction, in one age conservative, in another radical, always

brings power of hand or tongue to bear against unpalatable truth. The bigotry of those who have become known by knowledge is always a barrier to the new knowledge which knows more.

Delusions very decided facts.—Again take an instance of a delusion. A servant girl sees a ghost, and dies of fright. The ghost however was only a tallow candle in a hollow turnip. So the whole story is contemptuously thrown aside. But the mistaken superstition was a fact, and the fright was a fact, and the death was a fact. The groundlessness of the fright, and the falsity of the superstition have nothing to do with the fact of their existing, or with the character and importance of that fact. Every generation has its turnips and tallow candles with which its half-wise minds are agitated. It does not matter whether the marvels are real or unreal, the tallow light a priest's, or a philosopher's, the apparition a ghost or a turnip, the effect produced is real enough, and as being a most certain fact cannot be disregarded by one who studies the science of Life. Life-science investigates everything belonging to life. Unless this wonderful order of the existing world is a chaotic jumble, the pheno-

mena of mind and life must be as orderly in their main dispositions as the movements of the planets and other inanimate agencies. All the main plan must be as much an ordered fact and law as the main plan of lower things at all events. This is the meaning of such words as "nature," "race," and like terms. There must be a certain basis which makes unity of nature, or every individual creature would be different from every other individual creature, and a race in itself; or, if in speaking of such an absurdity this phraseology be preferred, there would be no races at all, there could be none, but simply endless variety and ceaseless change. There is an order, and the facts of this order which must of necessity be universal and pertain to the whole race ought to be known. Possibly a time will come when every educated man will as a matter of course be aware of the relative value of the parts of his own nature, and know what is capable of being done by his nature. Till that is the case no amount of ignorance can alter the facts of that nature, or prevent the certainty that behind this ignorance there is this fixity, this great fact of orderly movement. The *e pur si muove*

is there, and will be there for ever, in spite of the useless epicycles and involved backward readings of men in pride of power and popular science. Round this central order are grouped all the facts of human nature whether those facts are truths or delusions. For, though we call some things delusions, as indeed they are, every certainty pertaining to human thought, feeling, and action, even the lowest type, must have a something in human nature to fasten on, or start from, and be worthy of notice on this account. Indeed extremes often betray the working of principles better than the balance of more sober action. And a delusion will reveal what a cautious self-restraint conceals. In a world of order it is certain, absolutely certain, that order ultimately will prevail throughout, especially in the highest regions of the highest life of the highest creature in the world: an order founded on the axiomatic truth that everything of vital importance to that being must belong to every individual of the whole race throughout all time; and that nothing is of real importance to the race which does not do so. This is a fact, or a certainty, or whatever name implying indestructible verity

may be chosen. If it is not, then the existence of the highest creature is a bit of bungling 'prentice work. The facts of the material world in its composition and arrangement are not more facts because they are of a coarser kind. And such as they are they everywhere tell of order. They tell also of immeasurable ignorance in man who studies them.

The necessary ignorance of mankind a fact.—

The ignorance of mankind is another fact, though it is not amenable to *avoirdupois*, or capable of being analysed in a retort. Matter is seen in an infinite number of worlds obeying the same ordered laws of matter, whilst man the searcher, the omniscient, is tied down to the speck of creation on which he stands, the solitary column in the vast illimitable on which he finds himself perched. So narrow is the boundary within which he is cabined and confined. But, narrow as it is, it is infinitely too wide for his powers to carry out even those investigations he is partially capable of conducting. And very few can investigate at all. These facts are stern teachers. They suggest curious reflections as to the province of intellectual knowledge. Then when he continues his lesson, man sees that

his own life is capable of self-movement, and that matter is inert. He finds therefore matter to be below him at a distance baffling computation and expression. Yet, marvellous to relate, this lower order is working on every side of him absolutely independent of him in its origin and its work. Though it is so low, it is beyond his grasp. He finds it when he comes, and he leaves it when he goes, and it works on as unconcerned as if he had never existed. If the whole human race was swept away to-morrow, as has been observed above, no difference whatever would be made in the order of material worlds. It is a most certain fact that man is thus surrounded by things which he did not make, and cannot make, which did not make themselves, and cannot make themselves, for they are unintelligent, and lower immeasurably by being unintelligent than he himself is, and he did not make himself. These facts are stern teachers, for, ignorant as he is, man is capable of being taught. Man has reason; and an intelligent being like man cannot find himself in such an universe as this, so wonderful, so orderly, so independent of his existence, without inquiry. Reason

tells us that matter is utterly beneath man, and out of the question as a self-acting power, and *à fortiori* cannot have originated itself. Man knows he has not made it. Reason shows us that both matter and life are independent of us, that we do not even understand perfectly any point in the nature of either, and both go on whether we are alive or dead. All these statements are facts that cannot be disproved or even with reason denied. So reason tells us that we must look elsewhere for the origin, and that an Intelligence higher than any we can see must have been the author of these lower things animate or inanimate. And when we have tasked our reason to the utmost we come to the point the child starts from, as soon as he thinks,—an eternal self-existent Creator. Then the ignorance of man becomes intelligible, when it is seen that his existence is in the hands of a Supreme Arbiter. Then reason is able to understand somewhat of the mystery of the higher life, and its independence of matter, even to the extent of knowing nothing about it in most cases. All this ceases to be strange when the higher life, with its hopes and fears, is discerned moving in a sphere.

of intelligent, almighty, creative life, and endowed with faculties by which it is able, in spite of matter and material forces, to encircle itself with a world of its own, in which it dwells face to face with awful presences of right and wrong, in which it dwells apart, and serene majesties of love and joy and peace people its kingdom. It gathers up all this lower world into its circle, and transmutes it by its own inward light, and fills it all with meaning and power. Thus man unintelligible, and an anomaly, in a world where on the side of matter he is so weak, so ignorant, so useless, becomes at once instinct with power and in his right place when seen to move orb'd round by a Creator's will. His being aimless before, and with no conceivable work worthy of him in the lower world, was irrational so long as the lower world only was seen, but rational as soon as he receives his object and finds his complement above himself. Life-science studies the facts which determine man's place in the world, and what the world is to man, and is soon brought into the presence of the Supreme Life, The Creator.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SEVENTH POINT IS THE MEANING OF A CREATOR, NATURAL LAWS, MIRACLES, LIFE AGENCIES, AND A SPIRIT WORLD.

A STONE does not make itself. Nothing unintelligent makes itself, or it would be intelligent. The moment life and intelligence are seen, reason cannot stop short of the self-existent Supreme Intelligence. It is true the mind of man cannot master the thought of Being without beginning or end. Every logical series requires a beginning, and no logic therefore can prove self-existence. This is only another way of stating that the mind of man cannot master the idea of Being without beginning or end. Reason is satisfied however that it must be so. Logic here as in many cases fails. The Hindoo is logical when he makes the world rest on an elephant, and then makes the elephant stand on a tortoise. And the philosopher is logical who

puts under the tortoise protoplasm, and under protoplasm, say, a gas. The Hindoos of all countries are welcome to their logic on these subjects.

An appeal to reason on the subject of creation.—

Reason tells us, as we have seen, that man cannot grasp the great infinities. Reason tells us that life and intelligence are ruling powers, and that matter cannot be conceived of as existing excepting by the fiat of intelligence. Reason tells us the Highest Intelligence must be the Creator of matter. What then is involved in the idea of a Creator? Man, in thinking and speaking of a Creator, almost invariably thinks and speaks of a Maker, and confounds the two, misled by his own experience and habits. Let us examine this.

A maker uses materials which exist whether he uses them or not.

The materials were in one shape before he touched them, and are in another after he touches them. That is the only difference between the material and the thing made. A maker therefore can leave the materials which had a separate existence before he touched them to their equally separate existence after he has touched them.

The question of existence does not enter at all into consideration, and is in no wise affected in such cases.

But a Creator by the Spirit of His Power calls into existence a new thing which did not exist before. This new thing owes its existence to its Creator, not its shape only.

The existence it has received by the act of being created can only continue by that act being ceaselessly continued.

Created things therefore exist by a ceaseless act of creation, and the Creator cannot withdraw His active power, or the existence he gave by it would be withdrawn with it.

God therefore cannot leave His creation a moment. A natural law merely means that the Almighty wisdom of God is so perfect that His creative will and His created forms are always in unison. A Law is God's acting will, and does not move God farther off.

Facts must be dealt with. But prophecy and assertion may be met by prophecy and assertion.—

Let us apply this practically. It has been asked, How can we pray for rain when meteorology will

soon be proved an exact science, moving by universal laws unalterable by prayer? This is a good example of much of the slipshod claims of scientific charlatanism, which are very distinct from Science and its true discoveries. It is a most curious thing to note how men, whose glory is fact-observation and exactness, and whose axiom is, or ought to be, that the discoveries of to-morrow are perpetually enlarging the knowledge, and correcting the hypotheses of to-day, are making themselves and their subjects synonymous for the seemingly opposite poles of the wildest dreams and the most positive dogmatism. Half the claims of science (so called) at the present day are cheques drawn on future ages to be cashed by this generation ; a sort of forgery on the Creator.

Now it is a sufficient answer to such a question as the one about rain, to observe, that a prophecy is not a fact ; and to decline to answer it altogether *till* the premiss on which the question rests is secure. Or prophecy may be answered by prophecy. There never will be an exact science of the weather is the first answer, and an intelligent answer. For great discoveries, as has been stated

before, of what seemed impossible, where the data were fixed, furnish no ground whatever for imagining discoveries where the data are not yet proved to be fixed, or are beyond man's reach. No ground, that is, for a reasoning being.

Fixed laws of movement do not exclude a mover.—

Everyone will admit that a general knowledge of the general conditions under which given results take place may be very attainable and very useful. But this is a very different thing from asserting with dogmatic bigotry that the world is a machine which must work in one way, and that we know the one way. These two assertions—the first of which excludes God from every-day life, and the second puts ourselves in His place to a great degree—are utterly baseless, ornaments of the splendid edifice of which the Philosopher's Stone is the chief foundation. Suppose we grant that the world is a great machine, and that in everything throughout the great world-machine there is a general uniformity of movement that can be known and calculated on. It only amounts to this: the world is, say, a steam-engine. When certain pistons move, certain results invariably follow; the

further rather important question remains, Who, when, and under what conditions, sets the pistons going? Are all the pistons always at work? Or, granted that the pistons are set going, who, when, and under what conditions, applies the force generated?

Fixed laws do not exclude change of equilibrium and variety of action.—Again, grant that the great machine is always at work, the movement may be invariable in direction, but its being quicker or slower may be the cause of infinite variation in the effect produced to creatures under the measure of time—fifty, or a hundred, or a thousand years, are all of them important measures to man, but in the movements of the universe almost inappreciable. We do not even know for certain, what must be so simple a fact to any being with enlarged capacity, whether our whole solar system is not hurrying through space with wonderful rapidity; nay, we do not know in the least the balance of heat and cold at the Tropics and the Poles, or how, and in what exact proportions, they are matched one against the other, and all the disturbance of equilibrium possible in this and a

thousand other ways without in the least disturbing the action of the great general laws. To put this in a somewhat different shape. Grant to the full the fixity of universal laws ; nevertheless, in this immense web of complicated law-movement, may it not very well be, that, without infringing or altering a single working law, the slightest disarrangement of the *balance* of forces might at once, working *by* law, alter part or the whole of all the actual application and its results in the great world-web ; just as a finger pressed on a spider's web, without breaking a single thread, vibrates through the whole, and, if that web was a world, would produce different phenomena in every region of it ?

Fixed laws do not imply that man knows their whole action.—There is another supposition again, which would perfectly account for the fixed action of law and the results varying at pleasure. The force generated by the great laws of matter may be invariable, yet an alteration in the straps and pulleys which apply the force may be the cause of infinite variation. Let it be granted that we are in the great engine-room of the universe, and

see the engine distinctly moving with its invariable stroke, what is to prevent the machinery above, out of sight—the machinery which the engine moves—from having a changeful complexity of manufacturing power quite unconnected, apparently, with anything we see? What prevents, for instance, the same engine working in the engine-room, in which we are and see it, from discharging stone, coals, water, corn, or anything else *ad infinitum* from the stores out of sight down on us?

Science, which knows only part, cannot dogmatize wisely.—Again, all movements which fall under our observation are themselves resultants of various combinations of forces, and are not simple; and these again of others. And the complexity of the problem increases, as it advances, to an extent quite beyond our knowledge; and if we knew, quite beyond our limited powers to appreciate, much less calculate. Yet before we can be said to have scientific knowledge even of the mere mechanical movements of this system, every force employed must be ascertained through every circle of cause and effect; all must be known and exactly measured. Anything short of this is not Science, but guess-

work. Even then it does not follow that with a personal Creator ruling the vast machinery, we should be able to foretell coming movements from the uniformity of action that has hitherto prevailed. But before this, at any rate, it is unscientific, and against reason, to attempt to do so.

To exclude Spirit-power begs the question.—Moreover, unless the idea of spirit is excluded from the world, and man as well as God is affirmed to be only matter (for do not let us shrink from putting a scientific fact plainly, if it is a fact), there is no need for any hypothesis at all. The Supreme Spirit must of necessity, we may say, be always dealing directly with the matter which without Him would cease to exist. But as regards man, however uniform this dealing with matter may be, every purpose of special variation is served, if the variation is brought about by the Supreme Spirit influencing the spirit of man. For example, a pistol, pointed at a man's head, misses fire. In stating that this was a special mercy, there is no necessity for supposing that the detonating powder ceased to be detonating by special order, or that any change was made at that time. A human agent was one

of the data, that human agent could obviously have had his spirit influenced in such a way as to produce any result, good or bad, that might be required. There is no need to touch any material law. And do we not always imply the human element in every question of special providence without exception? It is far more reasonable, though it is dangerous making our reason any measure of this, yet it is far more reasonable to conceive that Spirit dealing with Spirit would work through spirit-agency, than by interfering with matter in ordinary circumstances. The simple method, obviously, is to leave matter to its ordinary direction, and to go straight to life in any dealing with life.

The ignorance of man prevents him from being a judge.—So far of uniformity of action: let us now examine the subject on higher grounds. What is meant by a Universal Law, that the term is made to bear so vast a fabric, and do such severe duty in managing the world? Is it not our conviction, based on experience, that given effects always follow given causes? This may be very true, but it is also, as far as we are concerned, very limited; as

it supposes that *we* know the causes and effects, and *our* knowledge of cause and effect is obviously very far from universal. Thus a Universal Law only means that under limited conditions, in a limited area, certain things always happen, as far as we know—a strange definition of the word Universal. Let Science look to it. There are many scientific truths, where, given the cause, the effect is certain; but these causes and effects are a parenthesis contained in a larger world. Are we commensurate with all the worlds our reason tells us of, or leads us to believe in, or at least must make us admit our possible ignorance of, that we thus talk of universal laws, as if universal laws meant things which must happen?

Miracles: the real meaning of the expression.—Observe the region in which these universal laws hold good, in the movements, namely, of the heavenly bodies and material worlds, becoming difficult, doubtful, or non-existent precisely in the quarter where by theory we men ought most to be sure of them—on our own earth with its life. But we have before seen that knowledge which deals only with dead matter, however vast or beautiful, is so

low in the scale as not to be worthy of the name of truth, or to be taken account of by spirit-power dealing with spirit-life. Certainly if there was no intelligent mind or feeling involved, it becomes at once, we may say, certain that a world of inorganic forces would be ruled by Almighty wisdom according to a plan so perfect that, given the first link, every other link should be invariable ; we do see something like this in the movements of the stars. But my reason tells me that there is intelligence and life, and that countless glorious worlds of matter cannot be put in the balance against one living spirit, nay, against one fly. And reason has shown me by the aid of God's word, that the Creator-Spirit has made all things, and never withdraws His active, intelligent, living powers from them. The intelligent living energy of God therefore is what is really meant by Law. Is the mind of A, who tells us not to pray for rain, because rain comes by a universal Law, commensurate with the mind of God, that he should tell us so positively what God will or will not do? But if not, what is meant by the assertion that a scientific law cannot be altered? If God and A were the only two living intelli-

gences, there might be some sense in such a statement; but when the element of life, and of life such as man's life, is brought into the material world, why should not the Almighty and Allwise Spirit-King break up any number of worlds or Universal Laws! for the sake of it? the real benefit of one living spirit must outweigh all matter. Why should not Elijah rule the rain, or Joshua the planetary system, if any spirit-purpose is served by so doing? Why might not the great Creator-Spirit alter every property of matter? Reason plainly tells us that the less must yield to the greater, worthless matter to precious spirit. What is a miracle, that babblers should so confidently assert that no miracle can take place? In one sense they are right. Changes in matter once created are not miracles. As soon as the mind heartily and truly takes in the great truth of a God-Creator, who by a ceaseless act of ever-present will keeps in existence that which He has created, from the smallest speck of dust to the highest form of life, at that moment reason tells us plainly that man, unless commensurate with the all-upholding will of God, cannot of him-

self assert that any phenomenon is a miracle, or any exercise of the acting will of God more wonderful, as far as he knows, than any other exercise of it. Reason tells us that the stone we hold in our hand, and the hand that holds it, must equally melt away and cease to exist if the creative act by which they exist is withdrawn. Reason tells us that to alter in any way the nature of the stone or the hand, to make the stone swim, or the hand, when withered, stretch forth and be sound, is a much less thing than to make the stone a stone, and the hand a hand, in the first instance. To create is a miracle, to alter a thing created is no miracle for the Creator, even according to our narrow minds. Reason tells us that if there is any miracle, it cannot be in any change of matter or material forces, or things created. It is no miracle for a man to build a house, altering thereby the arrangement of stone; or fire a cannon, altering thereby for a few seconds the inertness of iron; or to drive a horse, altering thereby the direction in which the living creature would move. It would be a miracle for a baby to do these things. Is God the Creator a baby, that he lacks strength to

alter the things He has created? Is God unable to control matter? Nay, God is not a God of the dead in this sense either: to alter dead matter is no exercise of power for the Living God. No change in matter is appreciable, much less wonderful, miraculous, compared with the original act of calling it into existence, and the continuance of that act by which it remains in existence. Man must deny God, before he can look on a change of matter as a miracle, excepting so far as he means by the word, fresh evidence to his own poor intellect of divine power. There is no miracle in any other sense when the ever-present will of God changes or suspends existences which only exist because of that will. And it does not follow that we should be able to see, or guess at such changes; they may obviously be quite unknown to us and a part of the ordinary working of events to our eyes and minds.

All analogy leads us to believe in higher life and unseen agents.—Again, how do we know that we see anything except very remote results, or ever get near the actual motive-powers at all? May not the Creator have in existence subtle agencies

quite unknown and untraceable by human skill? The telescope and microscope have shown us things far beyond human ken unassisted by these means, which are now through these means within our reach; is it not a necessary induction, does not reason tell us, that as we find no limit as far as our means take us, therefore there are infinite ranges which no means can, or ever will, bring within our reach? If visible matter, matter that is capable of being made visible, is utterly hidden from the human eye unaided, but the philosopher by the possession of an enlarged faculty is at once lifted into a new world of possible knowledge, how can he refuse to admit that a similar extension, and again a similar, would have the same result, and set him as much above his present self merely by increased sight, as his present self is above the poorest savage who wants his instruments? What must a being with such sight, or greater, think of philosophic man with his poor faculties, and his confident theories? And if this is the case with matter, which all agree is subject to human observation, what are we to say of life-power? Who has seen life? But what is our knowledge if it

is so soon stopped; if knowledge of matter is worth nothing, and in knowledge of life we know nothing? When we look at matter scientifically, we become aware that, solid as it seems, the meshes of a great net are to us a solid compared with the interstices in the densest matter to imaginable existences. And this material book of the Creator shows us at the same time the whole creation filled with a flood of unsuspected life; from the animalcule in the water, or the minute shell from the deep sea, invisible excepting to a most powerful microscope, which nevertheless was formed by a creature living inside it with a life so complex in its instruments as to be capable of forming this shell which was its home, where it lived with channels of life in a body which fed on something smaller still; with a flood of life, I say, from this embodied thought (for it is too small to be realized as a body), up through numberless gradations to man. And moreover we see, the more we become acquainted with the workings of things, very much of the machinery of this earth worked through living agency. Insects fertilize flowers; birds carry seeds; countless

changes go on in earth and air and water through the movements of living creatures; coral islands are formed; man works. All this we know. Are we to suppose that this great flood of life pervades Creation, steadily rising till it culminates in man, and that then the great gulf between man and God is empty of all life? Is this what reason would teach a reasoning, observing being? Can a reasoning being see a perpetual gradation, a wondrous fabric of life rising over life as far as his power enables him to go; and, when his power stops and can pass no higher, believe, because his power stops, that what he saw as long as he had power has come to a sudden stop too? Does a man believe that he is at the end of the earth because his powers do not allow him to move on? Or, is life to be active and employed everywhere as long as he sees it, and the moment he cannot follow, does all activity cease, even if he politely admits there may still be life? Reason tells us distinctly that between man and God there must be the same overflowing wave of life continued, that active energies, more varied, fuller, more perfect than those between man and the

atom-life of the shell beneath, mount upwards, range above range, for ever and for ever. Reason tells us that this active life, like in kind of operation to the active life of man, only higher, will pervade and rule all matter, so that we may well believe that it is no figure of speech which the Psalmist uses when he says of God, "He maketh His angels spirits, and his ministers a flaming fire;" or that tells of Christ "*rebuking*" the winds and the sea. But if so, what is there wonderful in these ever-present spirit-agencies and intelligent wills, whilst working under God every material force, changing at any moment, whether perceptibly or imperceptibly, the direction of the material forces they wield; what *miraculum* would there be, if every drop of rain is guided or shot through air by a living power? Our observation of facts, our experience and knowledge, bears out this theory quite as much as the observation of general uniformity (very imperfect in the earth-region where man is best qualified to master it) does the theory of non-intervention, and a God, with nothing to do, after some primal act of setting things going in a period too far off to signify,

graciously allowed him by condescending philosophy. Does not reason, dealing with the facts before us, require us to acknowledge the utter nothingness of matter and its forces apart from life, and render it probable that the seeing eye, any power, that is, which can see this universe, looks over one great ocean of life, a boundless all-pervading sea in which matter is a mere floating vehicle for the play and activity of life to work on?

An illustration taken from Light.—It is easy to imagine a state of things which shall illustrate this by analogy. Light is the subtlest essence we know in the material world. Light pervades the universe; ocean beyond ocean of light stretches through the abysses of space; as far as we know, light through all infinity is undulating its everlasting waves. Compared with light the vastest world is but a speck, the rolling orbs of matter that stud the heavens unappreciable dots, set there to give out or reflect its glory. Now let us suppose that man could only see light when reflected from some solid body. All the ærial splendour would be quenched; there would be no light in the air; space would be blank of light; but the earth and everything on

earth—each flower, leaf, and stone—would become a light, and seem to be an independent fire; each blade of grass would be a living ray; all that flies or moves, all things animate, all things inanimate, would be present to his eye as light-powers; all would bring light to him; he would know light only from them. But although unseen by him, and incapable of being reached by his eye—light, as now, would surround him on every side, and he would be moving amidst the boundless waves of the infinity of the ocean of light, knowing nothing of it, only because his eye was too coarse to see light in the fine medium of air. He would be bathed and immersed in the ethereal presence, close wrapped in the translucent veil, never unvisited by the heavenly splendour, yet all unconscious of that ceaseless custody. Then philosophers would arise, they would examine carefully the earth-lights, and all the seeming luminous bodies on earth; they would trace no direct connexion between them and the orbs on high, which would hang high up to their eyes in a black lightless gulf without rays, without visible communion with the lights on earth, apparently cut off from them,

(to be sure there would be shadows, but this presents no difficulty to an impartial mind which appreciates the vivid imagination of modern philosophy, with its "tendencies" and its power of dogmatizing on life by a process of clear inductive reasoning based on researches in death). Well, philosophers would arise, they would frame theories (here I cannot follow them, but may hint at a philosophic cult of the diamond), and they would deny the statement handed down with marvellous attestation of its truth, that all the light on earth came from those orbs; though all the while they themselves were moving without escape in the midst of the great ocean of unseen light, encompassed by our air and its splendour, but unable to see its subtle waves. Substitute the word "life" for "light" in this comparison, and the analogy is complete. Reason tells us plainly that a being endowed with material organs only as his means of communicating with the outer world and receiving communications from it, can by no possibility discern the immaterial excepting through matter, and reflected as it were by it. Until philosophy proves we have

no material organs we must be content to receive communications from the outer world through them. But is it not enough that we can discern matter, that we can discern matter without life, that we can discern the same matter unchanged as matter, but utterly different without life from what it was a moment before with life? and that we can discern life producing results utterly different in kind and degree from any material agency? If spirits ever laugh, they must laugh to see man with his material instruments trying to catch the immaterial, hacking at the world-carcass like a butcher at an ox, to find out life; making *post mortem* examinations with solemn earnestness in search of—life, and when he cannot find it, saying it is not; mistaking dissection for construction, groping in dead tissue, and proclaiming himself a creator because he has discovered how to pull to pieces skilfully, working at the world much like a child with a watch or a toy, like a little girl with a balloon ball and a pin philosophising on what is inside it. Is this surgical knowledge, supposing we grant it co-extensive with matter, instead of the knowledge of a few collections of

atoms which it is, worth anything whatever in the presence of the illimitable ocean of life, which no instrument can dissect or cut? of which our ignorance is simply measureless, excepting so far as we are able and willing to understand truth revealed by God? And this measureless ignorance is the power which we are to fall down and worship as commensurate with the mind of God. If not, what is meant by man telling us that "universal laws are never changed or suspended"?

The whole region of search mistaken.—It is not conceivable that any observation of the facts of a matter-world can furnish any basis of theory even as to the working of a spirit-world; or that our very limited knowledge, within a very limited range, which we have been pleased to dignify with the title of "Universal law," has anything at all to do with the actual cause of any single thing, great or small, of the innumerable multitude on every side of us. The analysis of Matter is one thing, the study of Life is another. It is, obviously, easy to say there is nothing but matter, provided the sayer looks for life where it is not to be found, or in a way which will not find it. Anything can be

proved in this way. This ostrich-fashion of plunging the head into sand, and then denying all that is not seen, is very convincing, provided the head is deep enough in the sand. Most assuredly the hunter is not in the sand, nor God, the Creator and self-existent, in matter, to be weighed in a balance by a man. True science demands, first of all, that the searcher shall not beg the whole question by searching in the wrong place; and, secondly, that all the facts of any subject shall be taken into consideration. True science requires also that the searcher and his instruments shall be equal to the task proposed, and does not go to a butcher with his axe or a child with a pin to learn about life. Reason denies that the analysis of matter can be the study even of animation, and affirms that life in its true sense has nothing whatever to do with either ignorance or knowledge of the analysis of matter. Reason affirms that the facts and certainties of life in its domain of thought, feeling, and intelligence are patent, though the mind of man is not and cannot be commensurate with the mind of the Creator. Reason bids us leave to the Hindoo his elephant supporting the

world, and his tortoise under it, and confess humbly the universal presence of an Almighty, Self-existent, Creator-King, ever upholding and ruling all things by the personal power of His own intelligent will. Reason tells us that the study of that personal Will, and of our relation to it, is the only work worthy the being and the intelligence of man.

CHAPTER IX.

RECAPITULATION. THE EIGHTH POINT, MAN'S POSITION WITH RESPECT TO A CREATOR. THE CLAIMS OF SCIENCE TO KNOW MATTER AND LIFE SIFTED. WHAT REASON TELLS US OF MAN AND HIS BEING.

ANALYSIS of matter has now been proved not to be analysis of life. Analysis of the conditions of physical life has been proved to have nothing to do with the distinctive life of man. And the distinctive life of man with its right and wrong, its love and hate, is entirely out of the horizon of the users of the retort and balance. The man who analyses matter can by no possibility get beyond the conditions of physical life working in matter. And beyond this earth, this speck in the Universe, Science knows nothing of life at all.

Science really knows completely nothing in our world.—But what does Science actually know of matter? If by knowledge is meant the power of really understanding and giving an account of the ultimate essence of a thing, then Science knows

nothing, absolutely nothing, even of matter, and soon reaches certain names and words behind which an impenetrable mystery is concealed. There is not one single thing in this wide world, animate or inanimate, of which Science can truly assert it knows all. We say that a milliner makes a silk dress, and knows how to make it. And we understand what is meant well enough. But the milliner does not make the silk of which again we say the dress is made. The manufacturer makes that. But the manufacturer only arranges materials. The silk comes from a cocoon. And a caterpillar makes the cocoon. So the caterpillar makes a cocoon, and a cocoon is wound off into silk, and the manufacturer makes this a web, and the milliner makes this a dress, and we know all about it. The great first cause is a caterpillar. But what divinity is there in a worm that knowledge stops at a worm? Yet Science, the milliner, or Science, the manufacturer, or Science, the silk-winder, or Science, the caterpillar-breeder, can really tell us nothing different in kind from this on any subject in this wide world. Science knows a little about materials and their combinations. If

you want to know more, God help us all. Science answers like an old nurse, "little children shouldn't ask foolish questions;" and we poor things walk off rubbing our eyes with our fingers, silenced, and awestricken at the majesty of knowledge so great. Yet much more might be known without there being any real knowledge. There is nothing absurd in the idea that an intelligent being might be capable of understanding and wielding every material force he found in existence round him; but as a fact even this is not the case; no man living can do more than put together a few of the simpler inorganic compounds. They are but wretched journeymen in Nature's shop.

Beyond the globe, the first conditions of knowledge—facts—not to be got.—When man leaves this globe, the limitation is still more obvious, and yet there are many globes, and infinite possibility of varied prodigality of creation on them. An example will bring this home. It is supposed to be certain that water and air do not exist in the moon. What would man on the surface of the moon know of this earth with the best telescope that ever was made, and all our learning and experience? What

would the discovery of the chemical composition of the earth's crust, and facts connected with the revolution of the earth, tell him of the innumerable products, animate, and inanimate, that exist, and all their beauty, all their variety? Air and water would be unknown to him. Conceive such a being, ignorant of everything but solid matter and light, brought within reach of the great level sea, and, as he gazed on the vast luminous plain, beginning to think, but unable to believe, that it was not at rest, that it moved; and in speechless awe, becoming conscious of the ever-present earthquake, as it would seem, the heaving of this new world, and the ceaseless swaying to and fro of moving light. Then, as a great invisible force of wind swept by him, howling in its weird wrath, and quenched the light in angry turmoil of struggling waters and foam, what strange new theory of strange new life would be the first impulse of such a being at such a sight? Or, rather, would not all thought be quenched in wonder, silent, immeasurable, overwhelming? But why go on, when clouds, with all their moving splendour or darkness, and rain, and snows, and rivers, would to him be non-existent?

For him remaining in the moon all would be unknown. His mind would be blank of flowers, and trees, and herbage, in fact of everything really characteristic of our earth, of everything which makes it the fair habitation it is, of everything which makes it the abode of life with its beauty and variety. In a word, of this habitable world he would know nothing. Now reverse the position, what do we men know of any other orb besides our own? Reason, if reason is any guide, marks out for us pretty clearly our ignorance of God's works, and of all creation, even of created matter, if the point of view is taken of the Creator's power and wisdom; if the knowledge conceivable in beings higher and with better means of judging than ourselves, or even of ourselves if we could but change our places at will, be thought worth consideration. Mere change of place, the ability to move at pleasure from star to star, would doubtless enlarge our knowledge, in the same way that travelling from country to country does on this earth; only infinitely more so, as the change would be infinitely greater. No one for a moment sits down to write a description of a country in which he has never

been, or sets up as an authority about it. No one, which is the same thing from another side, does not value the well-attested accounts of lands which are rightly called new worlds. But science has become imaginative, or rather fancy-led, and has improved these hum-drum limitations clear out of sight. Yet is the difference between worlds actually new, of which we know nothing, to be deemed less than the difference between the Poles and the Tropics, that we Esquimaux in our seal-skin canoes should so confidently lay down the law about other worlds from seeing a bit of floating timber cast upon our shores? Why should there not be unknown elements to us, as we know there are to any being, with knowledge limited as ours is, who lives in the moon? How does light reach us with its undulations through the abysses without air? In another world, why may there not be a fire vegetation, just as we have here on earth a water vegetation? I am obliged to take a known element to deal with, as the products of unknown elements cannot be imagined. The moon is full of volcanoes. Why may not the moon, for instance, with its volcanoes be one great garden of

fire-fed plants? And what we are pleased to call its barren rocks be perpetual homes of splendour that grows and blooms with cups of living light, and flowers that are nothing else but flame that has taken shape? Its rivers may be rivers of subtle liquid heat, and its hills be clothed with trees that are embodied fire. This kind of thing in endless variety may well be the case with the material products of other worlds of which we know absolutely nothing, and never can know anything. Absolute, total, unconquerable ignorance is our lot over the vast domain of the whole universe when once we leave this earth. But our reason would warn us not to close our eyes over some scattered facts, half-known, and ticket the closed mind "Omniscience." The brave man faces his facts. This ignorance is a fact, let us not be too cowardly, too mean to admit it; or, worse still, presume on the general ignorance, and set up as knowers when we do not know.

Life and creation. The possible powers of living beings.—I have said as yet nothing of the angel-life above us in unknown natures and unknown worlds, for the excellent cause that we know

nothing about it. Yet our reason would tell us distinctly, as soon as we study the ranges of life, that there is this continuous rise in living intelligences: a fact which Revelation declares to us as a fact. But as soon as we leave life allied to visible matter, we are, clearly, even more unable to form an idea of its working than we are to imagine a new element. We can, however, see our ignorance of the gradations of life, and we can see the distinction between the Creator calling matter and life into existence, and a maker combining the material given him by a Creator, and making a fresh result by doing so.

Intelligence able to recombine matter.—There is no reason, as far as we know *a priori*, why there should not be many makers. I think we may go further and assert that there is reason *a priori* why an intelligent being should be able to recombine any form of matter in proportion to his intelligence, and be a maker by doing so. Man can do this to a very great extent. If we follow out this analogy, it is very conceivable that, as we mount upward in the scale of Creation, beings exist, angels or archangels let us call them, with

a knowledge and a power able to make any fresh combinations whatever of matter already created, and any results, however marvellous, belonging to material existence. These assertions are based on the proved distinction between matter, however subtle, and intelligent life that feels and thinks. For it is clear that true life must be supreme over matter in direct proportion to the power of the life. And it is merely a question of degree whether a man makes a steam-engine by recombining matter, or a creature-automaton by recombining matter. There is nothing in the nature of things to prevent a sufficiently intelligent creature from using lightning or any other matter in subtle combinations of this kind, and making instruments which should seem independent, and move, and do high machinery work. A savage thinks a steam-ship alive. And the not being able to do so would only be a proof of ignorance and want of constructive power. But when it is all done, how much nearer would these makers have got to bridging over the awful gulf between themselves and the Creator, who originated themselves and the matter they work on, equally? This is not a question of degree.

How much nearer would these makers have got to knowing anything whatever about real life, the life that thinks, and loves, and hates, and has good and evil as an exercise-ground? Nay, how much nearer would they have got to knowing the different gradations which there are in mere animation and physical life?

The analysis of one kind of life, if possible, would not necessarily be a step towards analysing another kind.—We may assert more than this. No real result would necessarily have been arrived at if a man did arrive, which he has never done, at a distinct analytical knowledge of the life-germ of an amæba. He would know nothing beyond the amæba; and the amæba, for all we know, has nothing to do with anything beyond itself. He would have made no discovery really about life, or life-classification. He would not be a bit nearer the reason, or be able to tell, why life in one instance converts grass into sheep, and in another sheep into philosopher; and always does so through all generations. To do this he would require to know not only the life-germ of an amæba, but its relation to all other life-germs; and to explain

why identical chemical composition leads to results so stupendously different. But as the knowledge of the life-germ of an *amæba* is utterly out of man's reach, there is no need to theorize on so baseless an assumption. Yet this serves to intensify the depth of the ignorance which does not get so far as the first step on the ladder, if indeed it is a step at all, for we know nothing about it. As nothing is known of this first step, no, not even whether it is a first step or not, we may proceed logically to observe, that the power and knowledge which fails to extract even this elementary secret may be symbolised by $-o$. *Minus* nothing is the net result, as reason shows us, attained by philosophy in investigating life, its origin, its kinds, in the field of matter. Can it be possible that this is all? Can it be possible that all those trumpets blown so loudly during all these later years by so many musical throats come to no more than this? Contradiction is easy, sneering is easy, dressing up mock arguments to be knocked down is easy, but the scientific men, who have induced the public to think that their researches in matter have led to a knowledge of

life, are challenged to disprove what has here been stated—that those researches neither have nor can unravel the problem of life in any form, that they know as yet *minus* nothing about it and its ultimate essence.

Man's reason able to form a judgment on plain facts.—Let us now leave fashionable Science, searching for life where it is not to be found, and laying down laws to suit itself as to the manner of the search, and turn to the facts of the world, and endeavour to take a broad general view of the whole position of man, and see what reason puts before us on this subject. There is intelligence in the world. There is a Supreme intelligence, and the great facts of a world ordered by a Supreme intelligence must contain a message for reasoning beings living in that world. It is not possible that a world so wonderful has been created, and that the most wonderful existence of all that has been created in it has been left uncared for when all the rest is so perfect in its kind. These are facts and certainties quite as strong as anything that can be weighed and measured. Truth is not a matter of groceries to be sold by the

pound weight, nor are the facts of truth and life less certain, less facts, because they cannot be put in the scales. If thought and feeling can be weighed, weigh them, and we will accept the result. Make a psychometer, and let us hang it up behind the door in the entrance hall and note the readings. They will form a curious statistical chronicle. But if thought and feeling cannot be weighed, then proceed with thought and feeling according to their nature, and do not beg the question by refusing to do so. The facts of the world and human life in their broad general significance speak to the reasoning man and tell him what is possible here on earth in man's life and man's working. They do give a clue to what man was intended to do during his short stay here. They both prescribe the region in which his work lies as man, the kind of work he is intended to do as man, what the instruments of his work are, and how his powers and being are to be brought to perfection. We are not created in order that vain boasts of knowledge may make us the laughing-stock of angels who know. We are not created to be the jesters of

the world to Beings able to see the things which we are guessing at when we guess.

What the judgment of reason declares.—The first truth that must be laid down as a self-evident axiom is that the existence of the human race is not purposeless. The second axiom, which is equally self-evident, is, as has been mentioned before, that any truth belonging to man as man must belong to every individual of the race, and that no truth belongs to man as man which is limited to a small number of the race. This must hold good whether by truth is meant the object of existence, or the means by which man is to attain the object. Universality is synonymous with truth pertaining to man, and man's nature. All men must be able to attain the end of existence, if there is an end of existence for man; that is, the object must be universal. All men must be able to attain the end of existence, if there is an end of existence for man; that is, the instruments and means for attaining it must be universal. And there must be an end of existence for man, or there is no intelligence existing, which is absurd.

Let us apply this to our facts.

(1) Reason requires us to admit that means must be proportioned to the end proposed.

(2) Reason requires us to admit that a world where this does not hold good is an irrational world. And an irrational world is mean, if the work of man ; impossible, as the work of God.

(3) Reason shows us that mankind are so deficient in intellect as with rare exceptions to be incapable of much study, and incapable of balancing subtle arguments, or even understanding them.

(4) Reason shows us that the facts of the world, the laws which govern man's natural life, the conditions for its maintenance, and the time absorbed in providing food and clothing, absolutely preclude mankind as a race from ever attaining to any philosophic power in the exercise of intellect, even if they had the intellect to exercise, which they have not.

(5) Reason therefore shows us that if intellect with intellect-work and knowledge is the greatest moving power on earth, and the instrument by which man is to be raised and perfected as a race, this is an irrational world.

(6) Reason therefore shows us that intellect, and intellect-work, and knowledge can by no possibility be more than bye-play for the human race, and a luxury. Reason shows us they cannot be the means by which man is to be perfected or the goal towards which he is to strive.

(7) Reason therefore shows us that there must be a higher and better power on earth than intellectual knowledge, or that this world is a mean world if made by man, and most certainly has not been thus made by God.

(8) Reason shows us that this power must reside in every individual of the human race in much the same degree, at least sufficiently so to be a paramount motive-power to each.

(9) Reason shows us that as there is neither intellect sufficient nor time sufficient at the service of mankind, this power cannot require time and learning to get it.

(10) Reason shows us there is such a power in the feelings.

(11) Reason and experience teach us that Love and Hate are common to all and do move all ages, ranks, and races, for practical purposes equally.

(12) Reason tells us they often do this in opposition to, or in spite of, knowledge. God tells us that this is the power by purifying and giving life to which He moves the world of man. God tells us man is created and put upon earth to love good and hate evil.

God tells us that He has created man to love truth, as He has created the eye to receive light, without the intervention of intellectual logic. God appeals to the heart. And this removes all vital questions from the horizon space of human philosophy, where both the defenders and impugners of religion appeal to the head, as if living in a world which their own arbiter, reason, declares would be an irrational world.

It is quite certain that man can no more break through the laws of his being, than inanimate matter, a star for instance, can break through the laws of its course. It is equally certain from what has been stated that a powerful section of mankind is living in total disregard of the laws of their being; and worshipping knowledge and knowledge-power; which first of all is almost nil, as reason declares, and not the deity power-worship-

pers would have it to be; and, secondly, is not the ruling power on earth, as reason shows, not the end man is set on earth to work towards.

The first judgment of reason is the petty nature of such power. The second that there is something higher and better common to the whole race.

Power an idol, power-worship an idolatry.—What is power? Men often long for power, men long for wealth, for strength of limb, for intellectual strength. These are all powers. Yet who thinks the drunkard blessed by being able to drink, if he is wealthy? Who thinks the murderer blessed by the strength he used in murder? Who thinks the knowledge king blessed by the intellect he has used to pervert himself and the world? Who wishes to be a blind Samson pulling down the pillars of the world on himself and all he loves? Knowledge in itself is no gain. To live for knowledge only, if it were possible, would be to be a devil, since knowledge without love of good taken for its own sake would clearly involve this conclusion. And it is as possible to know truth without loving it, as it is for the wealthy to turn with contempt from suffering merit.

Reason tells us that power is not to be worshipped, whether it be knowledge-power or any other kind of power. But knowledge is not despised by those who put it in its right place. Now reason as we have seen above distinctly shows us that intellectual power and the progress of knowledge is not common to all mankind, and therefore cannot be the end proposed to man during his stay upon earth. What is the good of disregarding a fact so plain? Knowledge is obviously a conquest, the possession of which *per se* neither makes man better nor worse, only stronger. Strength joined with beneficent will and directed by it is good, but strength used evilly is evil—a curse to its possessor in proportion to its greatness. And the worship of strength apart from love of good is a disastrous idolatry. The intellect by the facts of the world cannot possibly be the true excellence of man. The worship of power is mean. When will philosophers cease to worship power? When will the glorification of the intellect cease to be the main work of men who claim to be wise? To worship false gods is not wisdom.

CHAPTER X.

THE NINTH POINT IS MAN'S NATURE. REASON AND INTELLECT.

REASON has been appealed to, and is appealed to by everyone who speaks and thinks. And the claims of the intellect have been brought up for judgment before it. But great confusion exists commonly in the use of these two words. The word 'Reason' especially is constantly employed where the intellect is really meant. Without entering into any metaphysical subtleties, a serviceable definition of the sense in which they are correctly used will not be out of place. The reason judges, the intellect searches out. The reason, when it has facts before it of any kind, puts them in their proper place, at their proper value. The intellect hunts out and collects knowledge. All men have reason; many men have no intellectual acquisitive power, few men have much, fewer still are able or willing to spend time and labour in perfecting it.

The reason is practised and trained in everyday life. The intellect can be so only in a very slight degree. Moreover the two ideas are entirely separable. Everyone can recall to mind instances of men of great intellectual power, whose acute, acquisitive intellects gained knowledge with ease, but who were like babies amongst men in the ordinary affairs of life. If it is objected to this, that their minds were good minds enough, but too much absorbed in these abstract pursuits to be at home in ordinary matters, this has some colour and may sometimes be true, but does not apply to those cases in which it is clear that the very subtlety, or hardness of the fine intellect, its excellence, as intellect, is precisely the cause why it cannot do the common necessary work. We want a balance, and lo we are offered a penknife. And all manner of subtleties are propounded and discussed, when nothing is wanted but a little common sense. The power of judgment, Reason, is decidedly different from the power of dissecting or collecting facts, Intellect. But what most concerns the present investigation is that so few possess intellect, and that so much leisure, time, and study are re-

quired to bring it to any degree of perfection. Whereas Reason belongs sufficiently to all, and enables the possessors to form an adequate judgment on all the ordinary facts and circumstances that occur. Reason for instance did not wait for Euclid and logical proof before it drew a circle and made triangles.

Reason universal, Intellect partial.—Again, to put the subject in a slightly different form; whatever the composition of reason may be, and whatever conclusions metaphysicians may lay down about it, this power of judgment so essentially belongs to the man as man, is himself to such a degree, that it cannot be conceived of as withdrawn or altered, without in exact proportion destroying or altering the conception of the man. But this is not the case with the intellect, intellectual processes are easily separable, or capable of addition, without affecting essentially the conception of man as man. The intellectual man begins with his intellectual instrument in a very rude and unpolished condition, and day by day through assiduous work brings it by degrees to a high state of efficiency, and collects large and increasing stores of power by its means.

But all the time none but his professional companions or rivals dream of rating the man by his intellect and its gains. In his own home, where as man he is best known, so far from a value in proportion to his intellect being set on him, it is often the direct contrary. Often the intellect-progress which professionally is so valuable, more and more disqualifies a man for everything pertaining to human excellence, and dwarfs all that makes a character noble or loveable. Like a great excrescence on true human nature it can destroy, but it does not belong truly to true life. An over-trained intellect is a disease, a monstrosity, like a dwarf, head without body. In extreme cases, no persons, not even philosophers, rate a man by his intellect and its success. When high intellectual power is allied to abominable crime, everyone sees that the intellect is not the truth in man.

The intellect not a necessary power.—Again, one might conceive what we now admire as intellect not in the shape of intellect at all, but simply as an enlarged power which should at once see what we now discover. For instance $2 \times 2 = 4$, this is an intellectual step, a bit of calculation. To the

grown man it is so self-evident that it ceases entirely to be an exercise of intellect. So do many things when learnt, they are done unconsciously though originally intellectual efforts. Now what difference is there excepting in degree between 2×2 and the most abstruse calculation in science? We might imagine with ease a being able at once with no effort to grasp at sight any amount of calculation or like processes, without in any way being anything more than a better calculating-machine. Or, on the other side, we can easily imagine a being from whose mind all calculating intellectual force should be excluded, who should never add one item to the stock of knowledge by mental research, whose intellect should stop short of all conquering acquisitive power, who should in consequence be quite incapable of making any advance in science or art which required a fresh combination to produce it. We can imagine this being, as far as intellect goes, only able to see things as they are without any power to render him capable of theory or discovery; to whom a flower would remain a flower always, with no botanical knowledge beyond its visible characteristics, a butterfly in like manner bring no

fresh knowledge, and so on throughout, from the smallest insect to the most glorious star. What would be left such a race? Sight and feeling. These two would be enough. Sight might be intensified to an extent far beyond microscope and telescope combined, and everything even in its innermost structure might be bare and open to his simple gaze. All knowledge might thus be his without effort, all the treasures of intellect at his service. For intellect, if rightly defined, is only the name for that weakness which has to labour in order to know, whereas strength does everything without labour. The moment effort is needed, a confession is made that the thing dealt with is too much for the agent. The great orbs are rolled through space without effort. Only the weak display force. So intellect with its efforts is weakness. Strength would be a perception so vivid as to see at once. Strength would know knowledge by simple contact; and a race deprived of our calculating weakness, which is admired as intellect, might be endowed with a sight higher and more perfect than that laborious process. It might be endowed so richly in feeling

and in imagination, which is only feeling in motion, so full of life and life-power might it be, as to have a boundless world of enjoyment even in the smallest circle from the intense faculty of seeing and feeling things as they are. Such a race might have a delicacy of perception, that should be able to spend delighted centuries in viewing a fly's wing, or a blade of grass, so wondrously and so subtly should the mind take the impressions given it. Then in social life, all holiness, purity, love, honesty, truth of heart, might make society beautiful and happy, even though society stayed fixed for ever at the point of external skill that Adam and Eve represented when they were naked but not ashamed.

What is the true position and balance of powers and faculties in man?—Intellect then is not another name for reason. Reason is the power of seeing, and judging what is seen; whereas intellect is a mere calculating collecting force, which is by no means necessary to man as man. In other words, exclude the conquering intellect-power from the world, the mere knowing-power with its material gains, and man with right feelings is a glorious and happy being still. Give the conquering intellect-

power, and give also feelings capable of evil as well as good, and man, in spite of feelings that can love good, is—what he is. It may be retorted, Then according to this view, an amiable idiot is better than a Bacon. The retort has been partly anticipated in the imagining enlarged power of sight. But in point of fact it has no basis at all. One of the great difficulties that beset all questions of this kind is the difficulty mentioned in the earlier chapters of keeping the balance—the difficulty, whilst discussing one part, of preserving the relative proportion it bears to other parts, before an unwilling eye. This argument deals with the compound being man, and the question between the idiot and a Bacon is not raised at all. The question raised is, Given the existence in man of intellect and feelings, which of the two is the higher power? not, What is the value of a minimum quantity of either as weighed against a maximum of the other? This we know little about. All are agreed that the perfection of all the powers makes a perfect man. But because we admire a strong arm, we do not want a man to be all arms, a Gorilla; or because we admire strong legs, we do not want a

man to be all legs, a Kangaroo; or to be all intellect either, if it destroys higher powers. Hence it is of infinite importance to know the right value of our powers. A man who lives for the body only is an animal. But a man who lives for the intellect is only a more powerful animal, since no addition of strength, whether that strength is intellectual or physical, makes the owner a different being from what he was before. A stronger horse remains a horse still. So also man, by strength of intellect, is only made stronger, and so far as this alone reaches, a stronger animal. The full perfection of manhood depends on the right balance of powers. The body cannot reach its fullest muscular strength if the intellect is to reach its fullest development of strength, and a prize-fighter's strength of limb cannot co-exist with philosophic strength of head. A choice has to be made, and the less worthy to be sacrificed somewhat to the welfare of the more worthy. This is the case with the feelings and intellect, only the facts are less obvious. The full development of the one cannot co-exist with the full development of the other. One must give way, and the perfect man will be that man who has

sacrificed the less worthy in right proportions to the more worthy. This is the more important, as many wrongly worship power, and power is represented by the intellect and its conquests. The power, that is, which makes its possessor strong over the material world and his fellow-men, as far as the material world sways them; and the material world, represented by riches, armies, and in a word all forces, does sway men very largely. Power-worship puts in strong claims for man. But here we are met by the great facts of the world's construction. That cannot be true power which makes a few men great in each generation, and leaves millions upon millions degraded, or in many instances makes them so.

Power and Knowledge do not by themselves benefit the human race.—The problem before every man in earnest, who does not sit in his study and make worlds, obviously is, How shall the millions of mankind, who however endowed have no time and never will have time to be intellectual, be made happy and good? What has been done as yet? As far as knowledge reaches, it reaches them in the shape of results—railways, manufactures, clothes,

and all articles made by scientific discoveries. Educational statistics, and the statistics of pauperism and crime prove only too conclusively that nothing more than this is the case. The portentous fact is disclosed to those who search into such things, that there is an ice-glare above of cold intellectual splendour pressing heavily down on the darkened struggling stream of men beneath, shutting them out from free air and free light. No doubt intellectual discoveries enable a great many more men to live in a given area; but as yet there is elbow-room on the earth; and they add to the comfort of a great many; but is there any intrinsic virtue in a better pair of trousers, or a railway, to make the wearer or traveller better? It is astonishing, excepting in these petty results, how few have been reached at all by this boasted knowledge.

Knowledge often tends to degrade.—But worse than this, the triumphs of this dead knowledge, as far as it has triumphed, have tended to make the world like itself, a dead unfeeling machine, which works on, regardless of individuals, with relentless power. The summum bonum for the many (strange antithesis to Life-science) is made

to be a marvellous precision in turning brass or iron to the thousandth fraction of a hair's breadth. The summum malum is untold misery, neglected vice, a squeezing of the weak and plague-stricken out of sight into rotting corners and dens of blasphemy, theft, lust, and famine. That it is their own fault, if indeed it is, is no answer, unless other men are perfect and faultless. And how can it be their own fault when knowledge keeps these its slaves so hard at work as to make them incapable of knowing, even if any taught them? It is a strange kingdom of light, where light means a few that know, and the many darkly working in thick darkness at their bidding. Such are the facts of the knowledge-kingdom.

Knowledge very partial, and if worshipped very harmful.—Again, to hear the intellectual talk, it might be thought the world revolved on the axis of their tongues. Yet how few, after all, knowledge as knowledge reaches. There happens to be one book that, as literature, enjoys a strange pre-eminence, and really has burst down many of the barriers, both of rank and language, that stand in the way of extended power. Sundry nations know

it. Shakespear is that book. But out of the nine hundred millions of the human race, who are supposed to be on the earth at this present moment, how many have read Shakespear? How many have heard of him even? After fairly considering these two questions, the third need scarcely be asked, How many have in any degree got real good from him? Yet Shakespear is a glorious possession. And a great literature, without doubt, is a necessity in any educated, living nation; the absence of a great literature a sign of the absence of life, since civilized man cannot help, as being man, exercising his mind, and putting out what he feels and what he thinks. Nevertheless the very small circle that enjoy literature or study philosophy is, as a fact, conclusive against the claims to sovereignty of literature and philosophy. If it be said, "Few read philosophy, but those few are the great men of all time," then we come back at once to our starting-point, that it is a very mean world we live in, if all its goodness is to be concentrated in an infinitesimal minority. And the question rises, Supposing those few and all they ever said or did removed from the earth, would the

earth be really worse off as regards mankind in general, provided moral and spiritual development went on? In other words, Have literature and philosophy done anything whatever for the moral welfare of the world, excepting so far as they have been servants of religion, and given up any claim of their own? When they have been merely powers separated from religion, either by being in heathen lands or by choosing to cast off their allegiance to religion in lands where the light of religion shone, they have done nothing for the *masses*. Nay, have they professed to do anything for the unintellectual? Is it not possible that these powers which the few enjoy, and the worship of these powers by the ignorant, may be the great barrier in the way of the humble, loving, feeling-work which benefits the many? Can knowledge which demands the undivided attention of clever brains over many years, and concentrates their habits on self, and demands that they shall not be at the beck and call of any other man or work—can this exclusive, monastic withdrawal from the work and interests of common humanity—be the lever which is to reach and raise all common humanity to its level? Why,

common humanity has nothing to do with it, or it with them, excepting so far as these monks of learning condescendingly fling out some scraps, the broken victuals and kitchen-stuff of their hospices, to the wayfarers. If power-worshippers make intellect the great agent, and exalt it as an end, and forget its completely instrumental character, they do with the mind what the worship of the thumb would do with the body. The thumb is man's distinctive power-instrument in the body; but thumb-worship, whether it be the bodily or mental thumb, can scarcely be the true help for mankind. Thumb-worship is fatal to progress as stopping human effort at a low point, and confining attention to an unworthy and narrow range. So long as the intellect with its pitiful incapacity, its inflated self-assertion, and its material conquests successfully claims the allegiance of mankind, so long the baseness of the master makes the servant baser still, and Trinculo gives Caliban wine, and Caliban thinks him a god, and Trinculo likes to be thought a god, having tasted the same wine himself.

There is no hope of real advancement in such

a state of things; rebellion against the true master is a necessary consequence; he must be got rid of, or Trinculo and Caliban cannot rule. But men must lay aside this false power and go down amongst their fellow-men, rich in help and strength, with a just view of the work that has to be done, and of the means at their disposal for doing it; means which attract heart to heart, the humblest to the highest, instead of repelling the ignorant and weak by the cold impossibility of communion through the head; or worse still, making tools of them, pouring out to the brute strength of mobs intoxicating doubts and fumes of self-exaltation. It is a sorry spectacle to see the Trinculos and Calibans conspiring together against the true lord of the island. The end of life should be steadily put before the mind, and the great fact, that reason lays down this most decisive law, that knowledge and intellectual conquests do not form the true end of life, or man's real greatness.

It is curious that men should be so proud of Intellect, which is the expression that embodies the weakness of their capacity. If they were strong, this laborious pushing forward would be rated at

its proper value. Man deifies intellect on the same principle that a cripple does sinew. But even if the estimate of its power was a just one, and it was as powerful as it is thought to be, no intelligent man could worship power.

CHAPTER XI.

THE TENTH POINT IS MAN'S POSITION IN AN ORDERED WORLD.

THE facts of the world declare that man's endowments out of place are curses, in their place are glorious possessions with a noble use. Set a beggar on horseback, says the proverb, and he rides to the devil. Not from any special affection in horses for those quarters, nor indeed because beggars, though often told to go there, are inclined to take the advice more than advice is usually taken; but the proverb, whilst perchance ready to admit that there is nothing diabolical in a horse, and perhaps not intending to assert anything diabolical of a beggar, nevertheless does roundly send both beggar and horse to his Satanic majesty, when the wrong rider has the reins. So much for being out of place, so much for unexpected power in feeble hands, for the putting in the saddle one whose best experience is how to walk. The rough

and ready proverb is a good exponent of the value of mere power, and the value of right place, and puts forcibly the utter ruin that results from being out of place.

Power and intellect subordinate to right feeling.—No one can doubt that man comprises in himself different and sometimes conflicting faculties. Power and the power-instruments evidently put in a claim. Intellect is the great power-instrument, bodily strength and bodily skill the next. Let the case be put in this form. A ploughboy is employed to plough a field, a mechanical bodily work; but he feels within himself a great thirst for knowledge, and he indulges it by studying Science instead of ploughing, only ploughing just enough to escape detection. As the intellect is greater and better than bodily skill and the body, he cultivates the greater and better at the expense of the less and worse, and becomes at last, by constantly subtracting time from the common work he is set to do, a great man, and he dies, and leaves behind him an admirable work on the action of water, or whatever other point may be the knowledge-fetiché of his day. Now it is clear that the love of knowledge

is a higher thing than skill in ploughing, and a great geologist a higher kind of worker than a ploughman; the conclusion from these facts is that a ploughboy is right in stealing time from his employer, time which he has been paid for; is right in acting a lie day by day; is right in making this lie the centre-pivot of his life and his greatness; is right in having left out of his life-problem all thought of truth in daily work, of honour between man and man, of the supreme Power which prescribes to all men their place. That is if power and intellect are true ends. But power is not an end to strive for, nor the power-instrument the ruling excellence of man.

There is order intended in man, and happiness from order.—The proposition that is here laid down is this, the simple statement that man is fitted for the world in which he is placed, that all the parts of his complex being have their place, and find their ultimate good by being kept in place, and the obvious corollary, that power cannot be the end and object of man's existence, both because it is, taken absolutely, the curse of curses, and also because it is of necessity, whether it be good or

evil, in this world confined to a few, and anything partial cannot be the heritage of the whole race. These statements dethrone intellect and put the feelings and their work in the highest place. When we think of what intellect loses by its choice of power and by rejecting all grace, and tenderness, and subtle sympathy, the charity of the Scotch minister commends itself to notice, "Noo, brethren, let us pray for the pair deil."

The feelings must not be out of order.—No assertion is made here that the feelings are unerring guides, or indeed guides at all *by themselves*. In the case of the body, if we assert that the eye is more important than the ear, we do not say, make the perfect man by blocking up the ear; or if we say the ear is more important than the eye, we do not say, make the perfect man by pulling out the eye. Both are needed. The loss of either maims a man. And if the whole race was deprived of one, it would be to that extent a different race. Man is provided with the means of living right, if he chooses to use those means in a proper way, and humbly learn, as his nature fits him to do, from higher Power what he ought to do. The

favourite theory of man has been to take some cherished part of his nature and deify it, and consign the rest to the beggar-on-horseback's stable. For many generations ascetics and monks shot off their intellects and bodies in that direction, and indulged a self-chosen dream of life clipped like a yew hedge, in which the body was to be scissored. Now the current sets in a different way, and our modern monks are getting rid of the other half of their nature, and clipping the hedge on the other side. But Reason tells us we have a body, and that we cannot disregard that body. But Reason does not tell us to put our animal life above our intellectual life. Reason tells us we have intellect, and that intellect and its knowledge-conquests cannot be disregarded. But Reason does not tell us to put our intellect above our feelings and the love of right and the good of the many, which can be separated entirely from intellectual gains, and in many instances must be separated from them and chosen in preference.

The glory and happiness of true knowledge.—This is no disparagement to the intellect. Reason does not tell us to disregard or extinguish any part

of our true nature as human beings. Intellectual culture is good. Intellectual culture is the allotted work of many, their duty in life. All men are not cut to one pattern. In this training world of imperfect natures and conflicting views, and above all, of growth, which implies advance from lower to higher, many occupations are wanted, spheres manifold, interests as diversified as the characters of men to be dealt with. That is the true theory of life which teaches each man the value of his nature in all its complex parts, and then gives to each his own fitting work. Whether the work is intellectual or not is immaterial, if it is done in a right spirit. For the true guiding power is the feeling. As long as feeling does really act as guide, everything done either by head or hand is at once seen to be subordinate. Much of the life of those who are lifted above want is intended to be cheered and employed in the ennobling use of intellectual faculties, and the joys of fresh discovery. The right use of the intellect is ennobling. The work of all is intended to be raised in kind as the years go on, and greater knowledge brings greater means of working well. And as the world

is constituted, the only hope of bringing many out of low sensual temptations lies in giving mental occupation and unsensual delights; in making stepping stones for them out of the slough, even if they cannot be persuaded to go up to the mount of God. Moreover, how wonderful are the secrets of wisdom and goodness which modern science has unveiled! Every one who loves mankind must acknowledge this with gratitude and praise. All creation expands and is glorified before man's eyes, as day by day our explorers prosper in the fields of thought.

The scientific explorers do for man what the old travellers did for the earth. The false explorers likewise.—Not the least service is rendered by the unmasking of error. There can be no doubt that science is doing for man in the world of thought exactly what the great voyagers did for man in the seas and continents. Innumerable beliefs of marvellous nondescripts vanished away before the patient steps and laborious watchings, on unknown seas, of those pioneers. And with these beliefs went also the habit of mind which could believe without due grounds for belief. Precisely the same

truthful process is and has been going on in this century. The great ocean of thought and life is being traversed everywhere, and though some travellers' stories come back and attract greatly, and though, as is natural, men are found ready to deceive others, and perhaps themselves, as to what they have really seen and discovered, the daily gain in solid truth, and the daily gain in truthful habits of mind amongst truthful men, is great and increasing. All honour to true pioneers.

The delight of increased powers.—Then who that has once felt it can forget the exceeding sweetness of the opening world of literature and thought, with all its freshness, all its expansive power, and all its perfect symmetry? How fascinating is language, as soon as the mind has mastered the drudgery! It is a new sensation to be able to discern the exquisite perfection of the graceful words that some great writer has with consummate skill fitted into their place. Quite apart from the beauty of the picture produced, or the music of the sound, there is the almost awe of pleasure with which the mind contemplates the delicate words themselves, and feels that a solitary triumph of

unique and matchless beauty is set before the mind's eye. Then as these effects pass by degrees into the student's own soul, and become riches in which he revels, new possessions, portions of his own life, the whole being expands and brightens. No words can tell the sense of growth, of creation, of new existence, that the giving of fresh perceptive powers, and the unveiling of fresh subjects to perceive, produces in the eager watcher. All earth and air become instinct with inexhaustible gladness of surprise. All common things become possible mines of wealth. As the great thoughts of the past ages breathe into him, as the great words of wondrous workers in words become his property, and are grafted into his own life-growth, he too is conscious of realities and possibilities before which imagination grows dim and weak. The common world is too dazzling bright to be steadily gazed at, and the actual treasures already in his hands belong to fairy land rather than to earth. Who shall speak evil of knowledge? There is perfect order intended in the formation of man the highest being on earth. Whatever may be in the abstract the highest life,—and there is no doubt that the life

of the Redeemer working amongst men whom He came to save is the highest type,—whatever may be in the abstract the highest, is beside the question, and concerns us not. The highest to each man is to work the work set him to work nobly and well, whether the work is intellectual or practical. The true heart deals truly with the life put before it to be dealt with. The eye does not scorn the ear or the hand, or the hand and ear the eye; and none of them can afford to reject the true feeling that guides all. When the Psalmist tells us that “the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth His handy work,” he also tells us that every fresh wonder of the heaven and the firmament, as it becomes known, swells the song of praise. How thrilling has been the message brought by men of science from the double star δ 1 Cynci, and all the mysteries of inconceivable distance; how the mind swoons with curious awe as it toils to realise what (strange wonder) it can so easily represent, the space that seems wearisome even for light to travel across. What interest has been added to the heavens, what interest to the earth, as each has unfolded

to the patient search of man its wondrous secrets. That which thrills the hearer to hear of, must exercise unspeakable power with the finder who tracks in a perpetual expectancy of hope the clues which God has given. It is God's revelation in matter; His glory speaking to the eye; not less truly His, though a more elementary lesson to us, than the revelation of His Love and Goodness in His direct dealings with man. To read this revelation is, or may be, most thorough service for Him. Lord Rosse's telescope and Lionel Beale's microscope are gains to the human race, noble instruments in noble hands. Wherever unselfish work can be done (and where can it not?) there Christ is glorified, and heavenly truth in its purest sense worked out. It matters little what work we work, if it is our lot to do it, and we do it with the right heart. The Magi of old had their star bringing them to the Infant Saviour, as surely in the end as the plainer voices and the more clear sight of angels did the Shepherds. Intellectual knowledge rightly applied led them. Rich and learned, devoting their lives to science and to watching the stars, they were

not checked by their riches, or their learning, or the calm of their quiet intellectual life, in the pursuit of Truth, or shocked at finding what they sought in the humblest form. Their gifts brought from a far land, their gifts of allegiance, were laid at the feet of a very little child in a cottage home : a great practical test of the heart-feeling which from the heights of earthly knowledge could worship the lowly glory of a throne set up amongst the poor. As hard, methinks, for learned philosophers to see their King in a cottage cradle, as for the dying robber-soldier to see his King in Him who hung by him on the Cross. But it was done. The Shepherds in their simpler life received a simpler, clearer message. Yet who can say that to connect the star with the Saviour child was less clear to the Wise Men? The Shepherds and the Wise Men each received a message suited to each, and neither had any true ground for questioning the lot of the other, for both met in the result, both were led to Christ ; great types of those in all ages whom knowledge leads to feel truth and love it, and those whom feeling leads to see truth and love it. The Wise Men who worship the

Infant Saviour, and pay no heed to Herod and his kingly power, have cast aside the pride of knowledge and the worship of power, and have not stopped short at the new star and the delight of recording it, or, worse still, have not made the discovery of the new star a means of gaining popular favour and advancing themselves by a time-serving betrayal of the secret given them to know, and used their knowledge to glorify Herod and destroy Truth. Power was not their god; nor will it be the god of anyone who looks at the facts of the world, and hears what reason has to tell him of the things which man can do, and, what is still more important, of the things man was obviously intended to do as a tenant of a world which reason shews us to be great and glorious, and neither irrational nor mean.

CHAPTER XII.

THE ELEVENTH POINT IS THE KIND OF POSITION MAN HOLDS. THE FACTS OF THE WORLD SHOW US THAT THERE IS NO NATURAL DEVELOPMENT TO GOOD IN MAN; THAT MAN IS A FALLEN BEING, WHO HAS TO UNDEVELOP EVIL, BEFORE HE CAN DEVELOP GOOD; THAT REVELATION GIVES A TRUE EXPLANATION, AND THAT POWER-WORSHIP IS A MEAN IDOLATRY.

THE idea of intellectual power as the agent of progress, in the true sense of progress, must now be dismissed as unworthy of serious consideration from intelligent reasoners. The laws of the world (philosophy is fond of laws) render it absolutely impossible that knowledge by itself should do much for the mass of mankind; whilst the nature of the subjects to which human knowledge must necessarily be confined, and their material character in the main, puts them at once in a position of measureless inferiority to man, and entirely deprives them of any title to the great name of Truth. These facts remove all difficulties arising from the inequality of the intellects, and of the

opportunities of acquiring knowledge, seen in the world. There is no reason why power should be equally distributed, whether it is the power of wealth, or the power of limb, or the power of intellect. All are mere instruments, and as such may be given in greater or less degree, without in any respect affecting the real excellence of the holder. But even when this unequal distribution of knowledge has been set at its right value, the facts of the world still present great difficulties. We see in the world of feeling, in the loving and hating realm, many strange contrasts, such opposite circumstances, and in many instances such a seeming hopelessness of breaking loose from the bondage of place and influence.

The trial of the heart always going on.—Part of this difficulty however is only apparent, and disappears as soon as it is examined. This earth is a training ground of feeling. However untoward circumstances may appear, they can, and do test every living heart, as to what each chooses or rejects. They do prove whether love of good is the ruling power or not. Every one possesses feelings, every one is tried by circumstances; the

meanest savage as well as the lordliest philosopher has presented to him circumstances calculated to call forth, nay which must call forth, love and hate. What each knows only comes into the question as making the choice more intelligent, or less intelligent, more or less deliberate. The choice is being made throughout all life. And it is quite conceivable that God, who is Love, may tenderly foster under the strangest shapes the spark of love in man debased and ignorant, and may hereafter put it in a favourable sphere. His eye may detect the spark under any amount of savagery. His eye may see the want of it under any amount of glittering ice-knowledge which reflects light in its outward beauty from a nature in deadly and cold antagonism to its warmth and life. Thus as an actual fact every man is tested; and the wonderful variety of circumstances, however puzzling, does not prevent this great main process going on in every instance of all the millions upon earth. Earth and its life is adapted to all on this plan. However great the inequality may be, it in no way affects the perfect fulfilment of the object of existence in every individual of the human race.

Parallel tides of knowledge-worship and truth-worship.—This however only accounts for the inequality. It is no solution whatever of the much greater difficulty of the constant ebb as well as flow of life and progress; no solution of the difficulty of the parallel tides of heathen intellectual development and glory with its doom, and of the little rill of divine teaching in early days, or in later days, of the parallel tides of knowledge-worship and of Christianity. Why there should be such a perpetual falling back from truth again and again, is in no way explained by what has been said above.

Natural development from a germ or cell impossible.—On any conceivable theory of development as such, on any theory which starts on the assumption of man being gradually brought forward from some initial life-germ, the ebb is perfectly inexplicable. How is it possible that a creature, whose innate power has brought itself to the present state of complex excellence from a cell-state, step by step, should be perpetually failing in its experiments after so much experience, perpetually falling back and perishing out of its later perfec-

tion, after having overcome the stupendous difficulties of emerging from a beginning so weak? This is to suppose that the lobster without a shell is a stronger creature than the lobster with a shell. It is certain also that any theory of gradual development, in a nature capable of having such a theory formed of it, must proceed on the basis of continuous advance however slow, and not be subject to a perpetual loss of gains already acquired; for this soon brings matters to a standstill: development cannot be development if it is constantly losing ground, constantly being overthrown by its own success; a time must come at last when the experiment would end in an utter using up of all the material capable of being used. For a perpetual series of new trials without a new principle to set them going is an absurdity. It is a still greater absurdity that the innate force which has overcome the difference between a cell and a monkey, and a monkey and a man, and made itself a man through all these arduous changes, should be so at fault in the little gradations of man-life, and perish through weakness and ignorance in the petty items of a nature triumphantly attained, after

having, when weaker and more ignorant still, passed out of nature after nature, and overcome not only the difficulties of each, but the gulf between each.

The same reasoning holds good if we discard the cell-theory of development. How can man created capable of development, with a nature adapted to progress, so constantly over all the known history of past years let go the gains he has got, if they are gains. To put it in a concrete form, How can Persia be conquered and destroyed by Greece, Greece by Rome, Rome by the barbarians? This is a strange ladder of development. Is there any instance on record of a nation being overthrown and enslaved which was not already rotten within? But rotten empires are a strange development. This perpetual falling back is not explained even by the fact of all mankind being tested and tried as to their allegiance to Love or to Knowledge. The manner in which the work is carried on in the human race as a whole remains a very startling and inexplicable mystery, a mystery incapable perhaps of being unravelled by man's unassisted reason.

Revelation tells of a fallen race, and a development of life, and a development of death.—All however is made plain as soon as we receive God's revelation that the earth is peopled by a fallen race, who have to unlearn before they can learn, who are incapable of true learning excepting so far as they unlearn the pride of knowledge and the worship of self-engendered knowledge-power, who could not love truth till they ceased to love falsehood, who could not love unselfish good till they ceased to love selfish power.

Here we see the origin of the two parallel processes and of the ebb and flow. Man is always unlearning as well as learning. Man is not endowed with a nature naturally progressive and perfectible from its own inherent life: man is endowed with a nature at variance with itself, containing both life and death, or rather tainted by death, but capable of casting out death and receiving and cherishing life when given it. The natural development is to death, as we see in the human body, and as we see in the human empires. But Life comes with its offers of help, which can be accepted or rejected. Hence the ebb and flow,

as the two rival powers, life or death, prevail. This revelation makes it clear that the two developments will always be going on. This revelation makes it clear that all the early world-history must be in the main a history of unlearning, of undoing the death-power, and that, if Life is to be Lord, a great epoch must take place at last, at which, theoretically, for general purposes of the whole race of mankind, this unlearning process shall be complete. This shows us that before this epoch the death-development shall be dominant, that great powers will rise, and their very rise and success shall be death. This shows us that knowledge-worship, and human devices, and human pride and power will characterise those first times, combined with a constantly increasing degradation of the human race: this shows us that after this epoch the divine plan and the learning and the progressive life-spirit will begin to prevail, and to gather more and more of outward significance as well as inward strength. In a word, this divides the world-history into two periods, and explains the seeming confusion. The first period is characterised by unlearning; unlearning the pride of self,

discovering that its victory is ruin; unlearning belief in man's own nature, discovering that its development is ruin; unlearning the trust in a seeming sovereignty, discovering that to win it is death. The second is characterised by learning; learning to distrust self, to trust God, and to find life by doing so. These two processes are for ever going on. The ebb and flow, and parallel efforts, are inevitable. There can be no smooth unbroken advance. We believe, for God has told us so, that Life shall conquer, but we have no authority for believing that Life shall conquer in any particular instance, any particular generation, at any particular time. All alike cannot proceed equably. There must be constant trials: that is the meaning of a Fall and a Restoration.

The revolt from Love.—When man rebelled at the beginning, and broke off his union with the God of Love, he chose a rival power, and had of necessity to find out the kind of choice he had made, before he could make a true choice again. This was a necessity; for the revolt was a revolt from Love. What else could be done, assuming such a revolt? Could power inspire the

lost love, and regain it? Man had just revolted against power. Could force? Does force in any form or under any circumstances inspire love? Could knowledge and teaching? The devil-knowledge and its glory neither cared for it nor would obey it. *This was the Fall.* Man had chosen a king who promised him knowledge and sovereignty, and rejected the King whose love he felt and knew in all things, to whom he owed everything happy and good about him as well as life itself. God permitted man to have the promised rule though the devil promised it. Man became the highest visible power upon earth, invested with a sovereignty "as of Gods, knowing good and evil," having learnt to hate as well as love. But it was the sovereignty of a rebel, cut off from the Highest, cut off from Life. And man had to learn this. Clearly no display of force, of greatness, of majesty, no proof, no sign, no knowledge, could be the means to bring back to love beings partly exulting in a new rebellion, partly fearing and hating the power able to punish it. They had made themselves power-kings; fear, not love, would be the result of any display of

superior might, of convincing proof, of signs irresistible. Love alone veiled and hidden under a complete throwing off of power, God found out to be Love and Life *before* He was known to be Power, could reverse the Fall. Power *concealed*, Love *revealed*, became the necessary law of the fallen world.

The secret mystery of Life distinct from power.
—It may be that not only man was taught by this, but that, until man fell, the real nature of life was unknown to any being, excepting God Himself. It may be that no spirit, however great or glorious, save God, before the fall of man had been able to separate God's power from God's love, and to see how much higher love was than power, to see that knowledge-power—for that is the highest power which is mere power—was not identical with life, and that want of power was not the cause of the inferiority of evil. It is quite conceivable that in a world of Spirits, a world whose nature was such that evil could not display itself in any way which should corrupt, destroy, or bring to an end the subtle intelligences that dwelt there, evil might be incapable of showing

its deadly nature; and the overthrow of evil might seem an act of arbitrary strength; and the reasons for its overthrow, if known, be received as simple faith and allegiance by angels and archangels who continued to be good, and knew not in their own nature the slightest taint of evil, and could frame therefore no conception, however great their glory or their knowledge, of what evil was. But all this was altered as soon as they saw in man on earth the strange union of good and evil, love and knowledge, joined in a corruptible body, though not in harmony, and then perceived each working its will on matter that it could and did mould, whilst as one or other prevailed life or death followed as an inevitable consequence by what we should call a law of nature. Then appeared perhaps a new truth; then first was known the essential victory and life inherent in love, and the essential corruption, decay, and death inherent in any power, knowledge, or force, apart from love. Hence the earth, small as it is, became a *Θέατρον* to angels, a place on which they could learn wondrous novelties of the nature of goodness and of God

unknown in the Highest Heavens before ; a place on which the Son of God could become incarnate, and by His Incarnation display to wondering and attentive worlds mysteries of Love and divine nature which had been impossible before in the perfect courts of the Almighty kingdom. It may be that new light not only of Love, but of mysterious knowledge, is being hourly shed amongst all the glorious beings that worship God by this revelation of His own nature and of the nature of evil. And angels desire to look into these things, as great and wonderful teaching for themselves, as well as from their delight in seeing the goodness of God working. Thus the struggle carried on on earth, the awful and seemingly disproportionate consequences of sin, acquire new significance. The misery, the tears, the pain, all the long agony of mind and body that the long years harvest so incessantly, are no useless offering, no tearing needlessly poor victims who are beneath such consideration ; but this earth is the scene, and we men the agents by which all created beings that know and feel, learn what God is, and with whom all created beings that

know and feel, take ceaseless part with never-dying interest and love.

The parallel working of God's truth and power-worship.—But be this as it may. When this strange pushing of man's nature out of proportion, this inversion of the balance of love and knowledge took place in his being, by which knowledge, intellect, and power became his cherished idol, the first thing was to let man discover the value of his rebel-throne, find out his need, and unlearn his self-confidence. It follows from this at once, that God would give him the means of returning to Himself, and that first one, and then another, would deviate from these. Then year by year fresh complications of facts and circumstances would produce further ignorance; and various self-supplied idolatries as substitutes for truth, or at first as deflections from it, would go on, as they did go on, without apparently any great interference from God. And man, we are told, rose to a wonderful excellence of invention and artistic range and power in his new sovereignty, and sank to a wondrous depth of degradation as a social being, until God brought this first epoch

of comparative letting things alone to a close, by destroying the whole race excepting eight persons. So ended the first great experiment of man to rest on his own power, and construct a power-kingdom—his first great lesson in unlearning. There is no development from a basis of power towards life, and increased good, and perfection. We know nothing further of this first epoch, probably because God gave no help whatever, after the expulsion from Paradise, that in any way altered or renewed the original state; so all is summed up in the few pages which tell us of the wonderful intellect, inventive genius, power, and grandeur of the first race of men and—their utter corruption and destruction. The second epoch, we are told, opened with the knowledge of a fatal past, with a fresh promise and revelation for the future. Still it was an absolute certainty that as impressions faded by time, and the power-worship and false-sovereignty principle acquired strength in proportion, the old process of revolt would go on; and it would be necessary for the true King to proclaim Himself afresh to those who were willing to receive Him. The

natural development of fallen man is rebellion and self-worship; the counterpoise to this was a continual renewal of divine help measured out in exact accordance with the state of man, neither more nor less, inasmuch as any premature presenting of love-power was useless, and therefore to God impossible, until the bitter experience, the unlearning process was completed, and the fulness of time come for imparting a renewed nature, instead of merely meeting occasional needs.

A family chosen.—These steps we know more about. As man again became corrupt, God chose out a family to exemplify how far family-life was capable of being made the instrument for restoring mankind. But before this took place, it was necessary that the society bond of mankind should have utterly broken down, and proved insufficient. It was necessary, in other words, that man working in his own strength should have practically revolted from God again, and once more forgotten Him. This brought about the necessity of a new message, and a new message, the necessity of new proof, and new proof is what man is pleased to call a miracle, that is, a *miraculum* to him,

as transcending any known power; not a *miraculum*, as we have shown, in any absolute sense, for *omne majus continet in se minus*; and there is nothing wonderful in God, who creates, and upholds, changing, in order to declare Himself to His human subjects, any part of the world-frame.

First then miracles took place to individuals and families in an isolated and apparently desultory way, in order to help them in the effort to make family-life do its work as a great bond.

A nation chosen.—But when bitter experience had proved that family life could not hold society together, or make social life endurable, then a new revelation with fresh miraculous attestation, as was reasonable, took place to a nation; and parallel with this ran on the great human intellectual experiments, by which Egypt and Assyria by bulk, Greece by intellect, discarding all idea of bulk, Rome by a combination of both the previous ideas, with law superadded, endeavoured to weld mankind into great organizations, which should live and progress and embody the power-sovereignty of man. But all failed. Whilst they

were trying and failing, the Jewish kingdom was carrying on the experiment under God. The possession of the Promised Land was a kind of renewal of the basis of Paradise, by which the Jews, as Adam before them, knew that whatever might be the case with others, they at all events had everything—home, country, happiness—as a direct gift from God. This more settled government of God on earth, in proportion to its perfection, required His direct interference less, and so comparatively few miracles were worked during the period of the Jewish national life, as the ordinary network of divine law and divine order was sufficient to carry on the experiment. But the corruption of the Jewish nation, in spite of their knowledge and their self-interest, proved once more that fallen man wanted something more than knowledge, something more even than divine teaching, to restore the lost life. For “if there had been a law given,” says St Paul, “which could have given life, verily righteousness should have been by the law,” and so by parity of reasoning, the Gospel, as far as it is only teaching, does not give back the lost life.

When it had been seen in this way that not knowledge, not teaching, but life and living power and union with God by nature, was the great need, and when the heathen world had proved the same thing by its varied failures, then the fulness of time had come.

Knowledge unable to save. Fresh power given.
—The Jews had shown that even divine teaching and knowledge direct from God was too weak for the task. The intellectual supremacy of Greece, and the fierce legal organizing power of Rome, had equally broken down, and made it plain that intellect and strength are but more elaborate curses in proportion to their perfection. Mankind had been shown for ever their inability of themselves to win back the lost life, or to do without it. Then the message of God and new powers with it were brought down to earth by the Son of God; a greater kingdom than Canaan was established, with more perfect channels of order and government. Then, as was certain to be the case, miracles were worked to attest the new message, and when the message was attested, were merged in a perfect organization of daily

power. So eighteen hundred years of light and blessing, fresh progress year by year, and life subduing sin and death by means of grace, and constant help divine, have taken their place, and pass on in even flow the Love of God for man. This is development. Let those who object because they do not understand, reflect that not to understand only means want of knowledge, unless there is the suppressed assumption behind, that the statement under consideration is false. Let them consider that the history of the world has to be reconstructed if the Scriptures are not true. So now once more a third Paradise, as far as evidence goes, has been constructed on a greater scale, and the Christian finds himself placed in it, surrounded with blessings which centuries of history prove to have come direct from God, as he needs must know unless he chooses not to know.

Restoration of Life.—The lost life has been given back, higher powers, a nobler nature capable of a nobler development for good; and day by day this restoration goes on, and needs no further confirmation or extension on the part

of God. The one only true miracle, as being the one only exercise of God's power and love that deals with spirit-life, the Incarnation of the Son of God, completes and at the same time renews everything evermore. Not again shall any new revelation be made on earth, not again shall man proclaim God to man on a new basis, neither in the desert of the world and its wisdom, nor in the secret chambers of eclectic holiness shall Christ be found. When He next comes every eye shall see Him at once; none shall have time to tell his neighbour; "as the lightning shines from the East unto the West, so shall the coming of the Son of Man be,"—instantaneous, complete, universal. The kingdom of God is here now, organized as far as it ever will be for the earthly society. And this state of things is precisely what reason tells us we do see as a fact upon earth, at the same time reason tells us we cannot account for the fact in any other way.

The results compared.—It is evident that all human wisdom must stand or fall by its results amongst mankind; every system, however good

it may appear on paper, if it will not stand the test of actual practice is a dream, or worse. The men produced are the sole test of right or wrong doctrines, the leaders and representative men are the highest proof of life or death in a teaching. It is idle to take the fine sentiments of books, which are very often most deceptive, and judge any question of human life and death by what the foremost men write about it. Our intellects are no judges of the practical bearing of such things; the product of law and teaching with living hearts can only be known afterwards, and when known by the result of the mixing the two, ought to be accepted as final. It is therefore, as reason tells us, a final proof without appeal of the falseness of the old doctrines, that every heathen nation as it rose to a position free and powerful enough to give the rein to its own ideas and carry them out fully, perished. And the highest men in any system are the crowning effort of that system by which it can best be judged. This ought to be fully recognized. Take then an example of this law. When Imperial Rome was power-mistress of the world, mighty, intellectual, civilized, rich in

all things, past and present, and possessed of outward beauty, strength, and luxury, the master of that world, if that power-system was any rational progress in good, represented the culminating point of happy excellence. There rose an emperor at that zenith, the very embodiment of the kingdom he ruled, intellectual, scornful, strong, a man of power, of solitary supremacy, Tiberius, whose history none can read without strange convictions of his fiendish grandeur. He has left us a state paper, one of the most curious in the world, written to the great Council of his empire, from the sunny shores where he lived in his bloodstained and voluptuous lair. The state paper which was read to the Senate opens in the following words, "My lords, may all the gods and goddesses destroy me by a more deadly death than that which I feel I die daily, if I can tell what to write to you, or how to write to you, or what in the world I should not write to you to-day." Fearful words of remorse and scorn, remorse that could not be hidden, and scorn that cared not to hide it, from the topmost height of the great pyramid of sovereignty set up by man, the long result of ages of self-wor-

ship. But does not reason tell us exactly this, that we see man the visible king of the world, accountable to no higher power that can be seen, gaining knowledge and glorying in it, but met everywhere by the dread fact that power and knowledge, the greater they are, are the greater curse, unless directed and controlled by *right feeling* and unselfish, that is, power-rejecting, love?

The lesson against thumb-worship.— This is what man requires to learn, and it is not learnt once for all. There is no ground for supposing that the revolted intellect and power-worship will ever relax its efforts. Every generation has to learn it; the lesson in one shape or another is ever present; as yet the world seems barely to have got beyond the alphabet of this lesson. Yet men might just as well worship their thumbs, which have been proved by anatomists to be the great bodily instrument distinctive of man's power, as their intellects, which are the soul instrument. But till the foremost nations of the world start as nations on true principles of life, and lay aside thumb-worship in its coarser forms at all events, there can be no hope of any great advance in the

happiness of the human race. So this learning and unlearning, this pushing forwards of thumb-worship, till its successful and baffled votaries look in dismay for help, undone by success—this coming forward of God's gracious world-plan, its partial acceptance, its rejection again—must still be repeated in endless cycles, only that some gain in general practice, some deepening and widening of the area of acknowledged truth takes place each time. But the great inequality is a necessity, till man will learn the lesson that power-worship is a delusion, and cease to fall on his knees before his own thumb, bodily or intellectual. Knowledge self-discovered, so far from being the way by which man is to be developed, and the human race advanced in nobility, is absolutely, when taken from this point, the great barrier to development; since true development is the return to the allegiance of the King of Love and Feeling, as shown in common life, amongst the weak and mean, in unselfish renunciation of power; and false development is the selfseeking power-worship of the knowledge-idolater, who clings to the old promise that had a sort of truth in it, "Your eyes shall be

opened, and ye shall be as Gods, *knowing* good and evil ;” the old promise which first made man rebel and lose his place in creation. And reason tells us this is true in fact, whilst revelation explains how it came to pass.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE TWELFTH POINT IS THAT MAN IS NOT WITHOUT GUIDANCE. THE FACTS OF THE WORLD SHOW US THAT ALL HISTORY DECLARES THE TRUTH OF THE SCRIPTURES. REASON CONFIRMS THIS.

THE facts of the world make it evident to a reasoning being, as has been shown above, that God has created and ever upholds all things, and that He cannot have put His highest creatures on an earth neither fitted to them, nor they to it. God is not God if this was the case. Some bungler has been practising his awkward hand in making worlds. This is exactly the lesson, of course, that we men learn from wonders so much above ourselves and all the glories of scientific discovery. But there is a God. And this means that all things are fitted to their place. And this proves that intellect cannot be the great motive power, and that of necessity there must be the means of enabling all men, everywhere, and at all times, to fulfil their proper functions. These means are found in connexion with man's feelings, continuous in action, and working from the beginning. And the inexplic-

able network of circumstances and contradictions becomes disentangled and consistent, when taken to the light of a truth declared by God to man; the truth of man's fallen nature, the truth that lust for power has caused a revolt from goodness and love.

Thumb-worship and the kingdom of love. The trial always going on.—This makes all plain to man's reason, and shows him the doings of all generations resolved into a perpetual series of trials, in which the natural development of fallen man into a power-kingdom and thumb-worship was first allowed to work itself out in two great epochs, the one ending at the Flood, the other with Rome's gigantic sway, and her utter failure to bind the world together; and then the love-kingdom, which had been gradually advancing, like silent light, with a history of its own, rose fully on the world in the person of the Son of God made man, and as man establishing a natural development towards good and self-sacrifice in His kingdom, as an equipoise to the natural development to power and self-seeking and death in the old kingdom.

One living continuous kingdom.—From that time the course of the world has been changed, the trials have become reversed in appearance; instead of the quiet out-of-the-way solitary experiment of one family, or one small kingdom, lighted by divine truth, all the glory and might and progress of man have by degrees developed out of this new spiritual creation, which has gathered even its enemies into its outer circle; so that at this present time, no nation, that has any claim to rank amongst the foremost, is left outside. But inside the circle the trials are carried on. If lust of power and the development of fallen nature predominate, a nation wanes and sinks back and is broken up, however great the apparent splendour of its civilisation may be, its armies, or its wealth; if power, whether of fleshly hand, or intellect hand, is thoroughly kept in the servant's place, which is its place, and right feeling predominates, then a nation lives; lives, as continuing the unbroken living line of those who from the beginning have given up power-idolatry and revolt, and gone back to the first allegiance. For this kingdom never dies, it passes back in an unbroken series of

believing men, a line of well-known history, through Christian ages to Christ, back through Judaism to the Patriarchs, back through the Patriarchs to Adam, and to the first promise. This vast mass of history and fact has a thread of supernatural and revealed truth running through it from end to end: remove that thread, and the facts fall apart; none are accounted for, no explanation is possible. The state of the world to-day as an historical fact cannot be disconnected from Christianity, or Christianity from Judaism and its historical facts, or Judaism from the Patriarchal history; and every one of these is permeated by divine interposition, divine revelation, divine claims. Thus there is an uninterrupted living stream of certain ideas and beliefs beginning in remote ages, and a remote corner of earth, always enshrined in a human society, never existing as a mere dogma, and culminating in the present history of all the most enlightened nations on earth. Those ideas and doctrines throw aside power-worship; and the men who hold them, as far as they truly hold them, set themselves in direct antagonism to all the forces worshipped by the majority of the

human race, and appeal to all mankind through the feelings common to all mankind.

Is History with its facts past and present true?— The upholders of these conquering beliefs have always declared themselves messengers delivering a message. They have always disclaimed originality, they have always appealed to all in a way that all are qualified to try. Now these world-wide facts of history exactly fulfil the conditions which any person must frame for himself who believes in a God, and proceeds to examine the state of this earth and its inhabitants, and to theorise on the problem how to bring good home to every man. The doctrines declared satisfy man's reason, and reconcile, as has been shown above, the apparent contradiction of a race of creatures, one in nature, so divided and torn by differences of all kinds. The simple question remains: is the history of all these thousands of years true or false? It is not enough for critics to impugn this, and attack that. The true task of those who make their own unwillingness to understand an argument for rejecting or traducing the Scriptures and Christian society is this; they must reconstruct the world-

history afresh on other terms, and account for these statements that have hitherto been received having been received. The critic mouse can gnaw the harp-strings; something more is wanted to play the harp.

Are lies life? philosophic credulity.—If all this is a lie, or a mixture of truth and lies, then a lie or a mixture of truth and lies is the one continuous life, the great living power, which the highest intelligences visible on earth have lived on, now live on, have grown, and now grow by. To believe this is indeed to have a capacity for belief. Difficulties, of course, there are. Beings like us, with wingless minds, shut in by the wall of time, can scarcely thread back the mysterious path of the teeming generations behind us, as century by century it climbs up into the dark thousands of years which wrap round the cradle of our race. Difficulties, of course, there are; but the calmly sceptical mind finds it much easier to take and digest Scripture with all its difficulties, than the dish which enthusiastic philosophers, like children let loose, and roasting potatoes at a fire of weeds, relish so keenly, because it is their own cookery. Mankind have a history and a growth.

The record of this growth, and the laws of it, are found in the Scriptures; the record of the facts of the world, and of its series of dead empires, are found in common history. As history, both these entirely independent records in all results are identical. The difference is, that the world-history explains nothing, and records a series of deaths of empires that rise and perish, whilst the Scripture history explains everything, and its imperial subjects form an uninterrupted current of life, which never stops, only changes its form. The two classes have always existed. Go back some thousands of years, and then, as now, the believer in Scripture, the Jewish villager, the humblest Hebrew, if true in heart, was worshipping our God. A David at his father's sheepfold, or an Amos, a poor herdsman in his master's fields, give us undying words of prayer and praise which we still use, and lived high and holy and pure lives. Whilst the intellectual philosopher, who did not belong to this class, the great Dr This or Professor That of his day, the leader of the literary world, was chasing the slave-girls, and offering a bull in sacrifice to Eros or Phœbus Apollo for a successful amour or a success-

ful problem. So distinct was the empire of intellect from truth.

An appeal to reason.—It is not enough then to criticise what time has made intricate or unintelligible. The world-history must be rewritten, with a satisfactory explanation how the noblest and greatest nations and the noblest and greatest men have been produced by a farrago of lies, or a mixture of lies and truth. The question is, has the God of Truth permitted His best and highest on earth to be cherished into their higher state, to be made true—by a lie? If a man can believe this, reason at all events has ceased to be an arbiter for him. The common facts on which all life with its transactions is based have ceased to exist for him. He belongs not to our human world. He is either above or below humanity, and in neither case amenable to human motives. Reason most plainly declares, when the proposition is once stated, that there is a God creator, that all He does must be true, that He cannot have left His highest creatures on earth without guidance, that a power which belongs only to few cannot be His guiding power, that a power which at its height has destroyed every

kingdom yet known cannot be His power of life; that His reasoning human world must both have a choice between rival claims, and the means of making a right choice; that there must be a Law of God, and a set of men as guardians and embodiments of that Law, and that this Law of God must be the means by which life and truth and true greatness are preserved; that this Law of God must in all essential particulars be truth; that ardent pure love of truth cannot be the product of lies. Reason shows us two developments at work, the development of revolted man to thumb-worship and the idolatry of power, and the development of man returned to his allegiance towards a kingdom of love and life. The History of the world is made up of the progress of these two. Up to the coming of Christ the first development predominated both in extent and outward greatness; since the Coming of Christ the second development is encircling all things. Their progress, their conflict, and the complications that arise from their conflicts and intertwinings, form Modern History. But History is despised by philosophers if what are called philosophic writings are written by philosophers.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE THIRTEENTH POINT IS THE MANNER AND AIM THAT GUIDANCE. THE PURPOSE OF SCRIPTURE, THE SCRIPTURES, BOOKS WRITTEN TO TEST LOVE OF TRUTH. WHY DIFFICULT. MUCH CRITICISM OF SCRIPTURE CHILDISH. LOVE OF TRUTH UNSELFISH, AS PLAIN AS LIGHT TO THE EYE.

HISTORY shows us clearly amongst the races and nations, one stream, and one only, of existence on earth living and progressing from the beginning. Empires rise, and empires fall, embodying, one after another, various principles; but one society, or family, or nation, or set of nations—for the circle enlarges as time goes on—which represents a principle, and has a written code of instruction, and a polity, lives, progresses, flourishes, exactly in proportion on the whole to its being a true embodiment of that principle and those instructions and polity. The Christian nations at the present moment are heirs of this undying inheritance. And if History shows us this, reason shows us no less clearly that this continuous life and progress cannot be the birth of a lie, or be

based on a lie, or on a mixture of truth and lies. Lies are not the life-power in man.

Reason calls on those who seek to impugn the charters of this inheritance and polity, or to rival them, not to object, because they do not understand parts, or cannot harmonize and put together scattered pieces, but to reconstruct the known history of the world on a different basis. Reason calls on them to explain at the same time, how it is that all the purity, holiness, and progress of the world has at least been interwoven with the system to which they object falsehood, even if they deny that the system has produced it. Reason calls on them to lay aside the tacit assumption of omniscience, which underlies so many of the cavils at things which the critics do not understand; to remember also that in a narration of facts, if the fact really did happen, (which is a matter of testimony,) the improbability that it should have happened is gone. And the wildest possible hypothesis which serves to show that the fact stated to have happened could have happened as it is stated, however valueless, is of equal value with the most plausible theory which wants to

make out that it did not. The real and only proof of a fact, or against it, is the testimony. The testimony of the truth of the facts of religion is simply the history of the world. When objectors and philosophers have finished the first most urgent task of writing a new world-history, without Christianity, as it states itself to be, and as it actually exists as a fact open to examination, it will be time to listen to questions of probability and improbability, and to weigh arguments arising from our ignorance of old times, or our assumed knowledge of them.

It is also in accordance with reason that any subject of investigation should be investigated in accordance with its own claims, as Aristotle observed long ago that it is absurd to ask for demonstrative truth from rhetoric, or to accept probabilities from mathematics. Aristotle also observes that no man can judge who does not know a subject, and has not educated his mind for judgment, and peremptorily warns off, and scornfully dismisses from his lectures on moral philosophy, every one who is of loose habits and an ill-disciplined mind.

A man of debased feeling is no judge of feeling.
 —There is reason in this. It obviously is absurd for a sensual man to set himself up as a judge of purity, and so on. But if this is reason in receiving a heathen philosopher, it remains reason in receiving the Word of God. The Word of God claims to be judged by those who live by it, "Do my will and you shall know." No person who lives by Scripture doubts its divinity. The Word of God claims to be a living power of feeling and love, and reason must admit in this case, as in the case of the heathen Aristotle, that *ἕκαστος κρίνει καλῶς ἃ γινώσκει*, a man must know his subject before he judges it, and that a man does not know his subject who applies the laws of feeling to mathematics and intellectual knowledge, or of mathematics and intellectual knowledge to feeling.

Now Christianity asserts that the motive power of the world is love, and that man has been created to love truth.

The teaching of Christianity therefore, whether written or oral, will have been framed with the view of testing love of truth.

But the intention of an ordinary history is to impart a knowledge of facts.

The intention of ordinary teaching is to cultivate the intellect.

The purpose of Scripture to test love of truth.— This difference in the purpose for which they are written will affect the documents and writings of Christianity exceedingly. The Scriptures are books written with the view of testing man's love of truth. "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear" is their motto. They use no force even of demonstration, they are not intended simply to give man more knowledge, or to satisfy man's craving for information. They apply a touchstone to the heart, and leave it if it will not be touched. They make an offer, and wait, but if not accepted do no more. Their main lessons, indeed, of the divine power and goodness, and of man's happy dependence on God are plain enough; but as knowledge of truth, divorced from love of truth, is devilish, the Scriptures are framed to hide, as much as to reveal, or rather only to reveal what they have to reveal in proportion to the readiness of the heart to love the revelation.

They follow in this the example of Christ, who was very careful not to show forth His glory amongst unbelievers, and for this reason constantly forbade the publication of the mighty works He did; lest the unloving knowledge of those who heard should be to them a curse. He did not wish to prove himself to be the Son of God, but to be discovered by loving watchful hearts. So also does Scripture work. It has been well observed¹ that "as Almighty God is ever knowing and dealing with the thoughts of the hearts, His words have some special reference to them. Nor can we ever be sure that the object of divine words is merely to impart knowledge. They may have other objects, which are better attained by our difficulty of comprehending them, than they could have been by their clear meaning."

Difficulties part of the test.—Moreover, as love of truth has to be tested, anything that is a fair test of love of truth falls within the scope of their plan. Demonstrative truth and intellectual statements would not train or test the heart. Infallible proof does not fall within the Scripture horizon, or come

¹ Isaac Williams.

into the kingdom of love. All proof and direct assertion is but the border-land of the realm of love, which must be crossed and left behind, before home is reached. The Scriptures themselves are not written to prove a problem. They test love. This would imply the possibility of much difficulty and obscurity. Nay more, it would not necessarily form any part of the divine plan to shield the narrative from errors of fact, where errors of fact did not in any way impair the main truth. For example, it would not be a necessity that an inspired Apostle, writing by inspiration, should be protected from asserting on imperfect human memory or knowledge, that four thousand men were fed with five loaves when five thousand was the actual number, or with six loaves, when four was the actual number; but it would be a necessity that no exaggeration or diminution should take place which in any way affected the credit of the miracle, and made that seem miraculous which was not truly so, but due to ordinary means well managed. This last would be a lie either implied or expressed.

Inaccuracies how far admissible.—It might con-

ceivably form part of God's plan to permit human inaccuracies as a test of true heart-love for truth, able to discern truth and love it on its broad great claims through such accidents. It would not in any way be necessary that men should have any conscious knowledge of the working of such test-work, or guess even at its existence. It would be enough that the hearts were tried, whether they knew how they were tried or not. The non-knowledge might form the most valuable part of the trial. I do not say that God has dealt with us in this precise way. That depends on how much in His allwise counsel man was seen to be able to bear with advantage; but it is quite clear that up to the point man could bear with advantage, it is consistent with the plan as a test of feeling, that man should be tried, and possibly tried in this way. If man's discernment of truth was not tried by Scripture, the Scripture would cease to be a test of man's love of truth, that is, would cease to do what God meant it to do. It is obvious, if these conclusions are correct, how childish many of the criticisms of Scripture become. Many of the most acute intellectual critics criticize and

condemn the Scriptures for precisely doing their intended work in the best way, for not being written on a basis of fact-narrative and information, for not satisfying the intellect, for presenting many difficulties. But it is the essence of their plan that there should be many difficulties for the intellect, much need of faith and humility for the heart, but full satisfaction for the loving heart, but not the slightest shadow of moral falseness. Fact-mistakes are possible, lies impossible; whether they are lies in fact or in moral conclusions.

The design and motive of Scripture.—The Scriptures, then, are designed as a perpetual test and appeal to love of Truth in man, as a perpetual humiliation of the intellect as far as it usurps God's throne, as a perpetual veil before the unbelieving mind, as a perpetual revelation of fresh glory to those whom love prepares to receive it, and as light to the heart that can see. The motive throughout Scripture is love of good, growing from the sight of what is good, *because* man is created originally to love good. And Scripture to the good man is nothing else but a perpetual unveiling of truth to be seen by

the heart that cares to see, as plainly as light by the eye; and for a like reason, that each is created for the other; and truth is as utterly hidden from the heart that does not care to see, as light from the blind.

Man created to love truth.—If we look to facts we shall at once perceive that man is created with a love for truth of this kind, quite independent of all calculation whether there is any loss or gain in it, power to be got or given up. Nay, the moment calculation begins, love goes. And this highest created faculty in man has nothing to do with self-interest however disguised. The *summum bonum* of man is not his own happiness, or any name whatever which implies, however remotely, a calculation of loss or gain. The fact that God has ultimately made happiness follow man's highest faculty, though it may serve to blind intellectual man to the truth, does not alter the truth. Entirely unselfish love for truth is the first and highest be-all and end-all for man, unaffected by the fact that it is happiness also. Light is light, though the free splendour of the summer sun, as he marches over happy lands when morning draws

the shadows from the hills, be to some nothing more than the hope of a market-place coming, all prisoned into one narrow thought of bushels, and barley, and beer.

Take any great deeds, any truly noble deeds, analyse them, say in any instance whether any thought of self can have been in the heroic doer, or is in the thrill which the hearer feels for it. I will quote two instances from occurrences in the Indian mutiny which have fallen within the range of my own knowledge, one the deed of an Englishman, the other of a Sikh. They will exemplify what has been stated. One quiet Sunday morning in June, English men and women met as usual in church, and the familiar prayers were on their lips with many a thought perhaps of friends far away and of their English homes, when a message came that the mutineers were on them. Some few were murdered at once. Those who escaped fled for protection to the nearest post, and were received in a small untenable fort, a helpless, unarmed multitude, saved for a moment, a little space left for them to look on death before they died. Amongst that throng of families an hour before in peace,

but now with the sword so near, there was one man of high rank, the man who gave them shelter, who might easily have saved his own life, but he would not leave them, he calmly waited till the mutineers came up, and after doing all that could be done he stepped out on the wall, proclaimed his rank, his titles, his name, a name well known in India, a name honoured and revered; and he strove to make terms with those murderers by offering to give himself up at once for them to work their pleasure on, if they would let the rest go. Surely never, save in the courts of heaven, have titles and rank been named more nobly, never have they been more full of honour! When at Mohumdee Mr Thomason did this, where was the self-interest? When we read it, where is the self-interest in judging it noble and loving it?

Once more, when the English judge knew that the mutiny was going to break out, but could not show his knowledge as no open sign had been given, and had to go to his court as usual unarmed—to die, as he believed, to be murdered, alone, without a struggle; then how his heart rose within him when his poor native Christian ser-

vant, unbidden, as he went to his seat, silently followed him, strode up through those bloodthirsty men and took his stand behind his master's chair, armed to the teeth to defend him or die with him, "amongst the faithless faithful only he." Do we think of the loss or the gain as that story of dauntless love is told us? did he, when he did the deed? It is the thing itself, the light that is loved, the unselfish greatness, not a calculation of profit either in this world or the world to come.

Knowledge is not love of good.—That man knows not love who can say that love is self-interest disguised. Man's true life is the learning to love rightly. This is progress. This makes the earth a home for better, and therefore for happier beings, though I admit it is not possible to separate the two. Would a perfect knowledge of Greek do this? or of astronomy? or chemistry? or the origin of species? any or all of them? or any other intellectual gain which is boldly called truth? Of course the philosopher's home is the highest perfection of purity, joy, and peace. It ought to be, if this knowledge is what it often claims to be. But all the discoveries that ever have been made,

or ever shall be made by man's busy brain, will not heal one pang of his wounded heart. Does the dying cottager care for the last new planet? or the dying philosopher either, if his heart is sad or guilty? The things belong to different worlds; but these are facts, and it is not philosophic or rational to disregard facts, and put the phenomena of Life-science on one side, and all that reason confirms to us of the character of life, and the message of God the highest living Being to man His highest living creature on earth.

Different kinds of facts require different kinds of proofs.—Because the method of proof is different, it does not make the proof less strong. Two and two make four. This is one kind of proof. The open eye sees light. That is another kind of proof. No one can assert that light is less certain to the seeing eye than $2 \times 2 = 4$ is to the intellect; or, than the light of a true deed is to the heart. It is true the eye does not learn light, and cannot communicate light; and the heart does not learn truth, and cannot communicate the feeling of truth. Man loves, and no one doubts it. Man loves truth, and science disregards it. But day by day men

are visible, if science has the eyes to see them, whose lives attest that the light of justice, of holiness, of purity, of humility, of truth has dawned upon them, and whose lips attest that this is from Christ. Why should they be disbelieved? On what rational theory are the truest and purest of mankind put out of court as unworthy of credence, as idiots, in fact, or liars? Certainly there is nothing in common between the intellect gradually discovering or thinking it discovers new facts either in the material or moral world, which it calls truth, and the heart receiving the flash of the light of truth, that is, of the nature and dealings of God, which is light and truth, and loving it.

Knowledge nothing but strength.—There is no inconsistency whatever in supposing it possible for an animal to acquire knowledge, at least philosophy cannot allege there is; for philosophy at all events often puts man on the level of an animal. But in good truth an animal may well be imagined capable of acquiring knowledge, and developing by doing so into a far more powerful animal, and, if such was the world-plan, arriving at any conceivable capacity for discovery

of facts, for calculation, for logical acuteness. Such an animal would intellectually be far stronger than man, but so is a horse in body. The inconsistency is in supposing that any extension of strength either in body or intellect would make an animal more than an animal, or pass across the awful boundary between the knowledge of things created, which is intellectual knowledge, and the feeling of the nature of God the Creator, which is the knowledge of Truth. The knowing animal would not pray or worship because it knew of wonderful things; it would not be a bit the more advanced in that other world of the feeling of Divinity, of the nature of God that is reached by feeling, because God has made the one answer to the other as light to an eye that sees. No conceivable intellect would make an animal know or love God and Truth any more than in the body strengthening the hand would make the hand into an eye. On the other hand, man who feels and loves, man able to see God, can by no degradation be made an animal only capable of calculation, reasoning, and analysis of matter; though intellectual man sometimes brings himself very low down in the

scale. And the calculating animal can by no extension be made into man who loves. God now, as of old, is not in the great and strong wind that rends the mountains and breaks in pieces the rocks before the Lord. The complete knowledge of the winds and rocks would not find God. And after the wind comes the earthquake, but the Lord is not in the earthquake. A complete knowledge of the earthquake and its forces would not find God. And after the earthquake a fire, but the Lord is not in the fire. A complete knowledge of the fire, or of all fires in the sky or on earth, would not find God. And after the fire a still small voice. Then, Elijah-like, the true spirit, the man of the true heart, humbly wraps his face in his mantle, and comes out, and hears and answers, for the Lord is in the still small voice that strikes straight on the heart; the Lord is in the light which at once is seen, and loved by the heart-eye: and is not discovered in the material things that herald His coming.

The light of Truth and the living eye.—There is no knowledge like this: no demonstrative dead facts compare in intensity of conviction with sight,

with sight seeing light, and with the living eye within, the pure heart, the clear unblinded love, which sees God, on which truth has flashed, in which divine truth dwells enshrined, a perpetual fountain of light ; so that men who once see cannot deny their sight, but stand, or have stood, calm, unmoved, gentle, full of peace, at the fire, at the sword, at any torture of deed or word, in old days, or now. This, reason tells us, is truth ; but finding out facts about matter and then spinning theories, and hanging them about creation, has nothing to do with life. It may be very useful, very interesting, very necessary, but it deals with matter and things seen. It is not life, or life-science. Reason tells us this. God declares He has revealed His truth to man. Reason takes the facts of the world combined with this declaration and compels us to assent to it. Reason sends us to the feelings as the sovereign power, the great motive power. God deals with the feelings, and requires us to subordinate our intellect to right feeling, as man does in fact, by an unconscious process, in the support of the natural life. For man eats to support life ; reason tells us this is necessary, and sometimes

prescribes limits ; but reason bears witness that in health hunger, not reason, is the moving and directing power. In like manner good ought to be a natural growth in man, and always must be a growth in nature through the quickening of natural processes, and not an external gain. The Scriptures accordingly deal with man's nature, and do not intend to impart knowledge or cultivate the intellect ; their aim is to draw out and direct the feelings, to enable the heart to love rightly, to make man's nature grow in good. As books apart from life, if taken from their own point of view, they are nothing. Life is their work. Their literary value, and the delight they give the intellect, form no part of their true mission. Any means, if means other than words had existed, which would have presented holiness and truth for the heart to see, would have done equally well. By themselves, distinct from man's heart, as books, they have no place in the world. They follow a heart-clue, and are addressed to the heart. They are a divine influence by which the heart is to be touched and enlightened. They are a divine influence calculated to touch so softly and gently

that no unprepared heart feels them. It is their nature, to use the expression, to present difficulties for a test, to have no infallibility of proof, no compulsory evidence, no force, but only the gentlest magnet-attraction, which once obeyed leads on and on, and becomes a clearness proportioned to the heart-love that receives it. They never put out bare truth to be hated by the unloving. They never fling a quod-est-demonstratum into the face of the recalcitrant schoolboy, man. "Father forgive them, *for they know not what they do,*" is still the prayer to the end of time for those who reject Scripture truth. It is hidden from them. "He that hath ears to hear let him hear" is still the axiom. It is no part of their design to give fact after fact for men to know as facts. The spiritual connexion of truth with truth is all they are concerned with. They thread spiritual truths together, not information for an Examiner's Scholarship paper. And they must be judged accordingly. Philosophers doubtless are consistent in requiring the Scriptures to be what they are not, and blaming them; but ordinary men are induced by reason to take the

Scriptures as what they are, the word of God addressed to the heart, and to examine them as such.

Man must not maim his nature.—When philosophy bids us cast aside every thing but the *siccum lumen*, if the direction is given in life-science, it is much the same as telling a man to open his ears to intellectual proofs, but to be sure carefully to shut his eyes in his passage through the world against all he sees. There is no objection to doing so, for those who like to do it. There is no objection to their treating the Scriptures as an intellectual problem, and assuming the human intellect to be *μέτρον πάντων*; only as the plan is irrational, and carried out in utter disregard of the facts and theories of the subject it handles in this lordly fashion, there is an objection to such people requiring the submission of those who think reason as far as it reaches a safe guide. And it is hard to see why rational beings should be taunted because they take the facts of the world, and are willing to receive a reasonable explanation of them, even if it does come from God; though not hard to

understand why self-constituted omniscience could taunt them. Reason tells us this is a matter of course; and no reasonable being can be dissatisfied with what is in accordance with reason, but will accept this state of things as one more proof that true development is utterly opposed in theory and fact to every form of power-worship. Reason is perfectly willing to listen to the sneers of philosophers, and accepts them as proof of its own conclusions. But reason does not require that any one should believe nonsense which smacks of the philosopher's stone.

CHAPTER XV.

THE FOURTEENTH POINT IS HOW MANKIND AS A RACE ARE TO BE GUIDED TO TRUTH. THE FACTS OF THE WORLD SHOW THAT INTELLECT MUST BE A SUBORDINATE AGENT IN RELIGION. THE NATURE AND WORK OF THE CHURCH. ST. PAUL AT EPHESUS. TERMS OF COMMUNION.

IT was shown in the earlier chapters that the conditions of human life rendered it absolutely certain, that the intellect could not be the great moving-power of human progress; and that the reasoning powers of man were totally incapable of raising him, as a race, to a higher state; in fact, that there was no true progress in intellectual discoveries. But when we pass from the lower ground of purely human effort to the government of God and His revelations to mankind, there also the same argument holds good. The intellect cannot be lord of the higher world any more than of the lower. Man must dethrone and set aside his intellect as a judge and master in religion, and retain it as an obedient pupil

and servant. Fire is a good servant and bad master, says the proverb; and so is the intellect. The intellect itself tells us this truth, if we consult it truly. All mankind ought to be brought to happy life. But not one in a million is an intellectual judge, not one in a million is able to acquire the knowledge of evidence, or to weigh it when acquired. Under any conceivable circumstances the great laws that demand so much time for the support of man's natural life will prevent the proportion of intellectual monasticism from being perceptibly altered as regards the working practical majority. The lordly abbots of the intellectual world are but few in number. We want no Popes in the intellectual world to prescribe to adoring multitudes, who cannot understand, a worship which they do not understand. If this is true, the same incapacity which we found before, must attend man in receiving intellectually the revelation of God also. It is clearly impossible for each man to hew out his own Christ from Scripture. The majority, the vast majority, must take their Christ from others. The more men face the facts of the world, the more they will

find that in all things, religion included, this faith in others is a necessity, and that no one is an independent judge, cut off from the help and authority of others, and able to act by himself. This kind of assertion is nonsense wrapt up in fine words for the benefit of the unwary. The real question is what guarantees have we for a right faith in others? Mere knowledge gives no such guarantee. The fruit of the Tree of Knowledge does not hang down now for any one to pluck as when Eve took it, but has retired into the topmost branches, and is as hard to get at as a cocoa-nut. It is pleasant to watch from below the movements of the agile performers that can reach it; pleasant to catch what they graciously fling down; but when we are told to leave our ploughing, and sowing, and reaping by which we live, and devote ourselves to climbing as the sole worthy object of existence, then we begin to look at the tree and its hard smooth stem, and to look at the fruit of the tree, however pleasant it may taste, and consider seriously whether there is any ground for believing the oracles in the topmost branches, and for fitting horny working hands to the polished bole, and

leaving the land untilled. Reason cannot believe that there is. But if intellect clearly cannot be our guide in common life or in God's revelation, the question assumes this form: Has not God provided for this seeming deficiency, and fitted His means to His material, and declared His will to unintellectual man in such a way as to effect His object, and not left him, first of all, utterly at sea in his own person with an intellectual choice to be made, and no intellect to make the choice; or, secondly, left him utterly at sea with respect to teachers, quite without sign-post as to whether the Christ of *Ecce Homo*, or the Christ of Renan, or of any other writer or sect, who have carved a Christ out of Scripture, is to be his Christ? Surely reason tells us that God would not be God, had He not in some way provided for this difficulty. That way we will now consider in outline, dismissing finally the idea that the intellect is a master to lead us to God.

A society formed.—The Scriptures, it has been shown above, are a test of feeling, designed to prove whether man loves rightly or not. But if

this was all that was given us it would be open to the objection, that living breathing man, with his warm humanity and quick sensibility, would be tested very imperfectly by a book, even if all could and did read that book. From the very beginning divine truth has been enshrined in a human society, first, in the family ; this was Patriarchal life ; next, in a nation ; this was the natural bond of race ; lastly, in a spiritual kingdom bound together by the spiritual bond of transmitted spirit-birth.

Current objections and difficulties.—It forms no part of the present discussion to note any of the objections raised by man to the conditions God has appended from age to age to His revelation and gifts, beyond observing that these conditions invariably, in one form or another, demand humility in the receiver, and also that, as being tests of love, they invariably start with a broad great certainty of glory and beauty combined with many human short comings and unlovely beginnings, which serve to test the strength of the love and try its sincerity. Difficulties in fact of two kinds are a part of the plan ; firstly, difficulties

arising from man's rebel will, which is being tested and which is averse and feels repugnance to the will of God, even when in itself that will is obviously gracious; this is Naaman's difficulty, when he refused to wash in Jordan and be cleansed of his leprosy: and secondly, difficulties which God intends as stepping-stones to higher truth, but which nevertheless in their first aspect front man as a solid wall of rock, and require his willing exertion to get up on them, and thus turn them into steps instead of barriers. Of this kind was our Saviour's discourse on His Body and Blood being the life of the world; after which "many of His disciples went back, and walked no more with Him." And there is a third source of difficulty worth noting, though in its nature transient, the difficulty that arises from the human vessels in any generation or number of generations distorting in their practice the divine truth they were meant to illustrate; this is the difficulty the Jewish priests created, when they used the commission given them by God in order to receive the offerings of the people for their own lusts; or which the Jew in the wilderness created, when he kept

the manna given from heaven by God, contrary to God's will, till it bred worms and stank. Even bread from heaven stank, when misused, and became a loathsome and disgusting putrefaction. But the cure of this difficulty is obvious; go back to the divine command and purpose. Do not throw away God's gifts and rush back to Egypt for food because God's manna becomes a crawling abomination in unholy hands. Nothing is more common than to hear this strange argument advanced. Perhaps it is not too much to say that one half of religious controversy may be summed up under the brief formula, "The manna stinks, *therefore* let us run back to Egypt."

Man and man's example the only universal agent with man.—But to resume. All mankind require to be reached by means which all mankind can understand. God has always employed such means, God from the beginning has made man exemplify to his fellow-man the truths of salvation, and has always had His living witnesses moving on earth in increasing numbers, until He provided finally for the whole earth becoming peopled by an organized society which should have power enough to

do away with all separating influences of race or social differences in carrying on its work. This society God furnished with all means needed for its enduring continuous life, and also gave it examples of progressive working which could be adapted to all characters, a code of laws to direct its polity, yet which should not interfere with human governments, and the fullest proof of its all coming from Him, and being His will. Thus furnished with all things necessary, this brotherhood proceeds to its work. The willing receptive spirit is to be moved, enlightened, strengthened, tested. No force is to be used. But all agencies that can touch the heart are employed from perfect fear up to perfect love through the wide range of the great heart-diapason. Men were chosen by God to bring the life committed to them home to their fellow-men by their own lives and words. Then the word was committed to writing, and became the written law of the living society, the standard by which to measure the life. The Scriptures contain this instrumental power. Now we speak of the writings of men who have long since died as living and immortal, and in a sense truly ;

for the wondrous power of kindling the hearts of living men still resides in the writings of the dead; but if this is true of dead men and their writings, how much more of the word of the Living God? There it is absolute truth; the word is a living word, and every line burns with fire divine; and marvellous speaking shapes of men who lived on earth, as we live, are passed before the eye, and into the heart of those who can find room for them. Light flashes, and men see: and God's living messengers, wherever His word has rule, however slightly, pass to and fro applying the heavenly torch, now better now worse, according as it has glowed in their own lives or not. God's living messengers pour out life from their own hearts, and other hearts are kindled by it. So life in the heart answers to life in the divine word, till there is a great cloud of witnesses of all nations and all times "encompassing us about." Then slowly, and by degrees, the great central figure of all the ages, in its full reality, is unveiled to the seeing heart, the Lamb slain before the foundation of the world; and spirit-power passes into common life and daily tasks, till an abiding perpetual pre-

sence absorbing all generations from the beginning to the end is visible, and the kingdom of heaven on earth in men with all its perfect organized government becomes a great reality, wanting no fresh attestation, for God has once for all established his channels of grace in a living society which he animates evermore. And that living society is the proof to the world that Christ is in the world. The proof lies in the living life that passes from heart to heart, always obedient to the test of God's word. The proof lies in the living life which century after century lives and grows, and is seen living and growing in men.

Purity of life, and purity of teaching, in theory, in practice.—The practical conclusion from these considerations is clear. The weapon God intended man to wield for the good of his fellow-man is a living life. This is the only writing the vast majority can understand at all. Unselfishness and humility, the only virtues never parodied by the heathen, traced in characters of daily work, can be read by the meanest, the most ignorant, the most vile. Theoretically these shine brightest, and are most enduring, where the doctrine is

most true, and the teaching best. Practically, God the Spirit King dwells not in temples made with hands, is bound by no cords, is confined by no walls of fortress sheepfolds, built even by Himself, however necessary for the sheep, but passes from heart to heart, purifying and refining *as far as each heart can bear it*. The Spirit King ensures in different ways the presence of living truth as a fact that never fails. He lives in the hearts of the true and pure. The pure heart always has the tendency to return to the most perfect channels of God's grace, to the truest and most spiritual teaching; the most perfect channels of God's grace, and the truest and most spiritual teaching, have always the tendency to produce the purest heart. But the evil inherent in man perpetually disturbs the balance, to man's eyes hopelessly, and beyond possibility of judgment. Subjectively, every man is bound, with an earnestness proportioned to the solitary greatness of the object, to search as a pupil the claims of the best teaching in his opinion near him, which professes to be divine, and to live by that, and go forward. In this world of tangled threads,

where true divine means of life, heavenly manna, can be disjoined from true life, and where true life can be disjoined in some degree from true means of life, it suffices as a practical rule that the earnest heart should work out its known best honestly, with the settled conviction that God must have a message close at hand for every one to receive. And no message is single. Truth is linked on to truth for ever and for ever. It ought to suffice also as a practical rule, that, until all work of building up on unoccupied heart-ground is finished, no work of pulling down or hindering earnest effort should be begun. The walls of falsehood, if left alone in the midst of living work, fall by themselves.

Proselytizing wicked, attack unchristian.—No proselytizing should ever be attempted against other teachers, lest that curse of Christ come upon us, "Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte, and when he is made, ye make him two-fold more the child of hell than yourselves." A curse of wide significance, strong against all who are more busied in party antagonisms than in

building up truth; strong against all who under religious names strive to gain adherents, rather than to win mankind to love. Strong against all who teach their followers how to convict others, instead of how to live themselves. Indeed this is the one unmistakeable proof which the most ignorant can understand. Every teacher and every teaching is false which makes men hate and attack each other. There is a great example in Holy Scripture of earnest and successful work under circumstances as repulsive to zeal and love of truth as it is possible to conceive; that is, if zeal and love of truth require us to attack what is base, and false, and powerful. The example is that of St Paul working as a missionary at Ephesus. St Paul lived for two years in that metropolis of splendid iniquity; in the great city where the most beautiful, the most gorgeous idolatry of the ancient world dwelt in its marvellous home; in the great city where the magic power, the real magic power of eastern devil-worship was enthroned in wealth and glory; in the great city where sensuality and lust, which now hides in dens of our worst and most neg-

lected city haunts, queened it in palaces and ruled in honour. Here the Apostle lived and taught for two years daily; daily seeing sights which combined the bestial passions of a savage tribe with the magnificent pageantry of intellectual supremacy. No one doubts that he was brave, brave as the best soldier who ever led a forlorn hope; no one doubts his energy, his intellect. This man of heroic mould, this fire of dauntless courage, this great intellectual champion of truth, taught in this splendid devil-home for two years, and at the end of that time the chief magistrate of that city could still the furious crowd by saying that these men, meaning St Paul and his companions, had said no word against their temple and their goddess. Most assuredly this was true; the true missionary work of the great Apostle had been positive, building up Christ, speaking of all things holy, and pure, and lovely, so that men might love and follow truth; he wasted no words *against* the vileness, he wasted no strength in attack, sure that the walls of falsehood would fall like those of Jericho, as soon as the love of Christ had filled the heart. This is a holy teacher's work, building up.

The duty of the individual.—A holy searcher's work is the same as regards others ; as regards self it is an earnest testing whether the message purporting to be divine is true or not ; testing it chiefly by its fruits, for the majority are unable to do more, and clinging devotedly to the best representation of holy work within reach. For a religious name must never be allowed to excuse bitterness or dishonesty. Practices which in worldly contests are mean or unfair, when done under religious names are fruits which tell the tree they come from really, all the worse fruits because of the religious name. There are in modern times, as of old, men who for their own advantage, however disguised or however mixed the motive, seek to cast out devils in the name of Christ, and lead active, zealous lives, and speak high words of holiness and truth ; and the result unhappily is that the devil has grown wiser, and instead of falling on them with the cry, " Jesus I know, and Paul I know, but who are ye ? " rewards them with the Pharisees' portion—the praise and support of men.

Terms of communion.—So far of individual duties. As regards intercourse and communion,

these principles would lead to the conclusion that the teachers of each community should preach and practise with all their hearts the great truths of the doctrine they believe, preserving clearly and distinctly the main distinctive features of their creed; but, that the moment they are in a private capacity, they as well as every member of their community should be held to be in communion, and be at liberty to take part, if they pleased, with any other community holding the great doctrinal truths contained in the Apostles' Creed, however they might differ as to the ways and means by which God is pleased to work out these truths on earth. Where the practice of a society was narrow and unlovely, such communion would as a fact become in that instance impossible to all who did not exactly agree with the doctrine. Where the practice is catholic and loveable, communion would be possible with great differences of opinion and belief on the ways by which Christ works His will. This is a simple law and a practical law, applicable to every case that can arise, giving a broad common standing ground to all who desire to love truth and lead true lives; binding

together every earnest heart, whilst compelling no one to give up distinctive belief, or in any special case to hold intercourse with those whose practice is abhorrent to his feelings. No one can think for a moment that the growth of thought and march of time is likely to break down the positive convictions of different minds on distinctive forms of doctrines; but there is much room for belief that the great world-wide war against or for evil should lead all those who love Christ to leave off attacking each other, and make them recognise as friends everyone who is trying to build up good. No blow of tongue or hand has ever really advanced truth; God leaves the pulling down to the ungodly, "which is a sword of His," a senseless instrument in wise directing hands. But the living life humble, pure, unselfish, the living life working amongst men, that is God's messenger. That can be felt when words are ineffectual. That and that only is in the highest sense God's truth. The King of Spirits, as might be expected, sets up His throne in the spirits of men, and moves as a living power in the world of life. At the same time He gives sufficient

evidence for such as study evidence that the life is His, that this transmitted glory is no delusion of heart or brain, that there is a divine life in the world, and that Christ is indeed alive, and working for evermore in His Church. These facts are not the less facts because they have a special kind of proof, and cannot be weighed with science and sugar in a chemist's scales.

CHAPTER XVI.

A CHAPTER ON IDOLATRY. IT HAS ALWAYS EXISTED, AND ALWAYS WILL EXIST. IT IS A LOW FORM OF INTELLECTUAL CHOICE. IDOLATRY IN ITS NATURE TWOFOLD, A REBELLION, AND A CORRUPTION. MODERN IDOLATRY.

THE last chapters have dealt very briefly with the scheme of God revealed to man when the learning process became the dominant one. It is necessary however to return to the parallel process of the unlearning, and to say a few words on the forms taken by man's rebellious will both in old and modern times. The principle which underlies every merely human effort, is rebellion from love, and the worship of power; a development of self in opposition to love and to God's revealed will. There never has been a period in the history of the world in which God has not had His will known amongst mankind. History shows this, but it also is involved in the very idea of God. It is not possible that God has created a world and left that world unprovided

for. This statement obviously holds good with the lower creation. All living creatures below man by the laws of their nature are completely provided with all things necessary for the full perfection of their life, and for its continuance. That man, the highest creature, should be left unprovided, is an absurdity that only requires to be stated to be seen. This would not only make his Creator not God, but would make his Creator treat him worse than the lower animals of the same creation. And man has been left unprovided, if he has been placed in a world totally incapable of satisfying his nature without any guidance from God to bring him to a state which would do so. And this guidance must of necessity be co-extensive with the whole race, and able to bring every individual of the race to a right state, and not merely a few, or only the later generations of the race. The will of God then has always been known on earth, and side by side with this, in all the early ages, there is idol worship. There is something very strange at first sight, and very irrational, in idolatry. The universality of the practice shows that it was not

really strange; its adoption by the noblest intellects the world has ever known proves it in a sense not irrational. And if it is neither strange, nor irrational, it is quite certain that a practice so universal will not have died out of the world, but will still continue, essentially the same, whatever the outward form of it may be. Reason shows us plainly that the reasoning faculties with which man is gifted could not by any possibility develop the human race, as a race, into a better state than that in which they started. Nay more, reason and experience prove conclusively that the knowledge of good can be dissociated from the love of good for its own sake, and that an increase of knowledge under such conditions develops man into something approaching to a devil. Reason and revelation show us a system set on foot by God to counteract this tendency, to destroy the power-kingdom as soon as in any case it cast off love, and to test love of good, as good, for its own sake. This is God's plan. In order to carry this out, He made known His will.

The first idolatry had to find a new Creator.—
The early knowledge of God was limited to the

revelation of God as Creator and Sovereign of the world. The first teaching confines itself to this truth and the consequences that flow from it. The sole question put before man at the beginning was, "Will you acknowledge the King revealed, and the conditions He imposes, or not?" But these Scriptures which reveal this sovereignty of God, and His claim on man, also tell us that man had already rebelled against his God, and had set up a king who promised knowledge in His place. The question therefore was a critical one. It demanded the unconditional surrender of the rebel will, and the unconditional acknowledgment of the true Creator and His laws, however unpalatable they might be to human pride. Men either had to obey and humbly receive the Creator, or find out a new Creator for themselves by an intellectual choice. This was the alternative. It was neither strange nor irrational therefore, given that man refused to bow his will, that the knowledge-seeking intellect should busy itself in finding a new Creator to suit its own views.

Idolatry a rebellion of the intellect.—Idolatry therefore is in principle not a corruption but a

rebellion from true religion. Following this clue we can see *à priori* what course it would take. In doctrine it will be antagonistic to revealed religion, and set up a new Creator in God's place. It will however retain much of the moral truths at first, especially those that have an intellectual grandeur or beauty in them. These will become traditional as myths and axioms. It will also take more or less of the hero traditions, and great historical facts of the human race, and interweave them with its system. Idolatry therefore is of a twofold character; first it is a rebellion from the main truth of revealed religion, the great doctrine of the Creator God. On this point it is in direct antagonism, and is not a corruption: secondly, it is a corruption of the moral truths and history of man under the revealed religion, and in this part will retain many traces of it. This is exactly what we find. Man looked about for a new Creator, and took the sun, and moon, and stars, and powers of nature, the dead forces by which the living God works, and deified them. This has been abundantly proved by Professor Max Müller, Mr Coxe, and others. This was the antagonism to God.

Every scholar is able to judge of the second part, the corruption of moral truths and the historical traditions.

The old myths vestiges of truth.—Many of the old myths are exceedingly beautiful and striking. They belong to the earliest literature. At the time they first appear before us they form portions of the religion of a simple people, and were not understood, but were more or less a part of worship. And they were quite alien to the splendid literary epochs of later times, and were speculated on and explained by the philosophers then, just as philosophically as they are now. Yet these wondrous embodiments of wisdom and morality, for many are such, ought, if they were intellect-births belonging to the development of national intellect, to have been produced when the national intellect was at its highest, and not to have been old worshipped mysteries at a time when the nations were beginning their life, and to have died out more and more as that life rose and culminated in intellectual strength.

The first idolatry a worship of the natural forces personified.—The first step in idolatry then

was to set up the forces of nature as a new Creator whilst retaining many moral truths and historical traditions. The next step was scarcely less obvious. The powers of nature were personified; men invested them with imaginary life; and then, as life without form is unintelligible to man as long as he deems himself the highest, they were clothed in human form; and so the process was continued; the farther the generations got from the knowledge of the revelation they had despised, the baser became the fables and the forms which embodied this worship. All however retained to the end the central idea of sacrifice, sacrifice so foreign to nature which dedicates and does not sacrifice, but which is so entirely the heart-core of revelation that even the dissentients never shook off that primitive relic of God's truth.

Later idolatry had to find a new Redeemer.—Idolatry therefore was natural, and as a system may be defined as an intellectual effort to reason out a God Creator after the rejection of the true God through unwillingness to submit either the intellect or will to Him. And as the idea of a Creator is a personal idea, some idol which should

represent personality was a necessity. It is the application of intellect to religion, not as a pupil to examine its claims, but as a master to fashion them. Following this track we see clearly the perpetual though unsuspected reign of idolatry. As soon as Christ in the fulness of time appeared as a Redeemer, bringing the revelation of Redemption and Atonement, the personal idea of the Creator became merged in the revelation of Atonement and Redemption, which do not of necessity involve the idea of a divine person at first sight, and which have a human intellectual side in the vast range of their practical application to human life. The ground therefore has shifted; the new claim of God is that man shall acknowledge his utterly lost sinful condition, his fallen nature imperfectible in itself, broken off from the life fountain of God, and shall acknowledge first the Incarnate Son of God, Jesus Christ, Man and God, as the Giver back of life, and next the means by which He gives back life.

|| *The rebel-intellect hews out new redemptions.*—
Accordingly since this revelation the old personal idolatry which hewed out a new Creator

for itself has nearly disappeared, and the rebel-intellect has applied itself diligently to hew out for itself either a new Saviour or new conditions of salvation, and idolatry has dropped the outer shape as immaterial, and taken the purely intellectual garb of impugning the revealed conditions or asserting conditions of its own. And as in old time, God's main tools, the sun, and moon, and natural powers were the readiest objects of worship, so in modern times God's main tools, scriptures, sacraments, ministrations, &c., have furnished the great objects of idolatry. But, as time wears on, as of old men descended to wood, and stone, and animals, so now we are descending to forces, and the perfectibility of man, and self-development from apes, and philosophy, for our Gods. But the root is the same.

Intellectual shapes of religious truth taken as idols.—Nay, it may happen that the true Redeemer may be worshipped under an intellectual idol shape, as in the wilderness the golden calf, "These be thy gods, O Israel, which brought thee out of the land of Egypt;" no fresh god, but only a human representation carved out of Scripture by human intellect. Such a book as "Ecce Homo"

is open to this charge. It claims to be the work of a man¹ "who will reconsider the whole subject from the beginning, and accept those conclusions, not which church doctors or even apostles have sealed with their authority, but which the facts themselves critically weighed appear to warrant." A pleasantly uncritical statement with its verbal fallacies; but that matters little. Grant it to be intellectually perfect, instead of itself its own best overthrow, the claim the writer makes for himself he must concede to others. Any intellect shape hewn out of Scripture by the individual man as a judge set over even Apostles, instead of a pupil to examine the great Messengers and their Message, is theoretically equally valuable, though the result be in the one case the great statue of Christ which the writer of "Ecce Homo" has raised on an earthen pedestal of his own instead of the Scripture rock, or in the other, the crocodile which Renan would have us fall down to, or any image which the intellectual Pope of the hour would have us worship. The process is wrong altogether whatever the immediate result may be. No such intellect claim is allowed. The feelings,

¹ Preface to first Edition.

love of good and hatred of evil, are appealed to by God. A message is sent and man is required humbly to search whether these things be so or not, and to receive or reject the offer; not to rob the messenger of his goods, carry them off into the desert, sort them, pick and choose, fling away on his own authority what he dislikes, and on his own authority take the remainder and keep it without leave. But this kind of idolatry will never cease; in principle it is the same as the old, only man in old times had to find a new Creator, in these last days a new Redemption or Redeemer. The root of all idolatry is revolt. The revolted intellect refuses as a pupil to test humbly the commands and conditions of God, and proceeds to set up a new God of its own. In the beginning, as we have seen, of necessity a substitute for the Creator had to be found, this is a personal idea, and the first idols accordingly were of this personal character. Afterwards a substitute for redemption had to be found; this is not necessarily, or primarily even, a personal idea, but can take the shape of a mental problem; hence arose all the heresies and schisms of the first Christian centuries, begin-

ning, however, as was natural, with the confusion and mixture of the two ideas in Gnosticism, which was a series of intellectual dreams of a new creation and new redemption combined. And throughout all generations these idolatries, whether ancient or modern, pick and choose, and rob revelation of its moral and spiritual truths, as far as they serve their purpose; and, whilst scorning or politely putting aside God who gave the knowledge, calmly filch the knowledge given, call it their own, say they discovered what they have only corrupted, and seek to maintain their rebellion on the stores they have taken from the King. Idolatry is, from first to last, an intellect-revolt against the supremacy of God. Modern idol worship is well worth careful study. The shapes taken by selfwill and pride are many and change continually. Philosophy and Religion are perpetually giving off false novelties. Few consider that these glories of the hour are the idols of the modern world; exactly the same in origin and quality as Phœbus Apollo or the golden Calf. Few look in the right direction for idolatry. There is no lack of idols in the modern world.

CHAPTER XVII.

CONCLUSION. THE PHILOSOPHY OF PROCRUSTES. THE CHRISTIAN SOCIETY. ITS MAIN LAW IN WORKING. PROCESSES NOT TO BE SHOWN. OLD AND MODERN DELUSIONS. FACTS OF LIFE-SCIENCE. CORRUPATIO OPTIMI PESSIMA. HATE RULING AT THE ALTAR OF LOVE THE WORST EVIL.

THERE was a gentleman in old time, we are told, of a philosophic turn of mind, who after consideration decided that he was very strong, and that so much good strength ought not to be wasted. He saw also, the more he pondered on the matter, that as people in general were much less strong than himself, it was the duty of a philosopher to turn this superiority of strength to advantage. On examining the world with a closer scrutiny he observed that mankind were scandalously unequal in bodily proportions, and on the whole, foolishly contented, or sunk in stupid despair before this incongruous state of affairs. The result will have been anticipated. Being a philosopher, and strong, he determined to remedy the evil. No living being within his ken was his master, so it was an obvious conclusion that he was master of the world. He took thought; he contrived a bed, exactly his own measurement, he caught his fool-

ish neighbours, he made them all of one length. The process was simple, the short he stretched, the tall he cut off, and he succeeded admirably excepting in one point, his neighbours generally died; for he had disregarded the conditions of life. These conditions were not subject to measurements. What had he to do with them? This was rather a defect; but there were plenty of people to experiment on, so he continued his experiments, and doubtless, had he lived long enough, would have succeeded to his satisfaction in producing a race naturally stretchable or cut-offable; for he could point to examples where he had not wholly failed. Now on the assumption that strength is a true title-deed of supremacy, and the fact of no visible living superior a just claim of confidence, I contend that there was nothing in the least irrational in these proceedings of Procrustes; the more so, as they brought him much wealth, and not a little submission. The reasoning was rude, but considering the state of science, not more rude than the claims of knowledge, advanced now by men who cannot make a fly in a creation they dispose of so summarily. The reasoning was narrow, but considering the

state of knowledge, not more narrow than that of men who talk of the universe as if it had all been cut out with a pair of scissors, and they, Procrustes-like, held the handles of them, now stretching, now lopping off myriads of years, facts, and life-phenomena, just as it suits their own pattern; fitting all things to their intellect-bed, quite regardless whether intellect has anything in common with life, and is a measure of it or not. So the natural development towards power-idolatry goes on, and life-science is despised. But on what ground do we now hold alchemy and astrology to be quackery and nursery-babble that does not equally apply to all scientific research when it leaves its facts and launches into the regions of space, makes endless demands on the faith or credulity of man, frames its own conditions for its own theories, talks of "*tendencies*," prophecies, and shuts its eyes to the first principles of sound investigation, and very often of common logic and common word-knowledge also, in proclaiming its dreams, and sneers at every one who does not bow down to them. Bigotry has changed its throne. Tired of the tamer anathemas of theological intolerance, it has struck out for the bolder yet safer

despotism of scientific theory. For where nothing is known, nothing can be contradicted; and a clever intellect can disport itself at will, if only the owner can bring himself to use it in this way.

An irrational world, if the intellect is the great power.—But let us leave these prophets, these disciples of Procrustes, and again return to the facts of human life, and their clear conclusions. The first of which is, that intellect cannot be the great power in a world where there is nothing suited to the perfecting of intellect, or indeed intellect enough to be perfected. It would be a cruel and irrational world if it was. As cruel and irrational a state of things as if we imagined a rock in the midst of the Atlantic crowded with migratory birds, whose nature made them dependent on migration for happiness, though only one in a thousand of them ever had wings for flight, and all the rest lived wretchedly on what they could pick up in their barren home, longing to pass to the lands which nature made them ceaselessly long for, but tied down for ever to the rock which nature had condemned them never to leave. How much worse off man would be than this if the power-worshippers are to be believed ;

as much worse, as his hopes and longings are greater, and his means of accomplishing them less.

A scheme and a Society acting under God.—This cross-purpose is impossible in a world created by God. There must then of necessity be a scheme of God for bringing all men at all times to the true end of their existence, a scheme properly attested by Him. Finally, this scheme involves of necessity a society acting under God, with laws from Him, and power to act in His name; a society which illustrates God's truth by their lives and actions, and which is commissioned to make God's truth known. These two postulates are a necessity. For as soon as the idea of an intellect-sovereignty is rejected on account of its reaching so few, it becomes evident that no book, no process demanding learning can avail by itself. The lives of men are the only book the ignorant can read without schooling and without requiring time for study. This involves the living society, showing forth truth by its life: and the second point, that the society shall busy itself in making known truth to those who can learn, is only a subdivision of this first great fact. This was in effect the answer of Christ to St John the Baptist, "Go, show

those things which ye do hear and see, the blind receive their sight, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the gospel preached to them." All men who make it their object in life to benefit their fellow-creatures are brothers, fellow-subjects in the great kingdom of feeling and love, and as such are so strongly contrasted in principle, and very often in practice, with all the idolaters of power-worship as to form an utterly distinct body from them.

The law of true self-sacrifice.—But, distinct as this society is, its great law, the law given it by its Lord, binds it to have no distinctive marks of its best workings. Its true life is to be self-denial and self-sacrifice; and not a sign of this is to be seen excepting in results; all the processes are to be hidden from curious eyes. The command is, "When thou fastest anoint thine head, and wash thy face, that thou appear not unto men to fast." All the outward appearances are to be cheerful and festive; there is to be no sourness of withdrawal, either in heart, or face, or dress. True self-sacrifice sacrifices also the desire for sympathy with its self-sacrifice, and is as if it feasted whilst it fasts.

Just as a man at a great dinner-party would clearly be practising far greater self-restraint by complete self-mastery in the midst of delicacies, by cheerful pleasant rejection both of the pomp of food, and the pomp of riches and rank, without seeming to reject them, meeting all without being tempted by any, because he rates them all at their proper value, than the same man would be if he secured himself from that kind of temptation by getting out of the reach of his fellow-creatures. In his cheery power meanwhile he would make the service of God lovely, though none but those who were following the same track would detect the process. Hence the doctrine of a well-known philosopher "that he never saw a Christian" is an obvious truth. What conceivable reason is there why he should? How should he see beneath the ordinary dinner-party life those amongst the guests who "fast"? Who would reveal his feelings on such points to an embodiment of cause and effect? To say nothing of the command not to do so, which leaves all processes of self-denial to be searched out, if known at all, by those only who are doing the same. So many fast, many give up all the world counts valuable and seem

to common eyes to do nothing of the kind. Those who when young, in making their choice in life, bring their trained and hitherto victorious powers into God's service in humble parishes, and leave deliberately all hope of wealth and all hope of renown, which whether they come or not are the prizes before the eyes of youth, these men fast indeed throughout their lives, even if, as is sometimes the case, the wealth and honour they have rejected comes to them unbidden, and blinds still more the eyes of men to those who fast. They fast who risk their all in some good cause, for the sake of the good cause, and face shame, and disappointment, and ruin, and contempt, even though to them also success brings power, and men in their blindness call them lucky.

The progress of the world.—In all ranks, midst rich or poor, men or women, they fast who quietly leaven the world with unselfish goodness, leaven it by contact, hidden, unobserved, with glad countenances doing works of faith. And many might say with perfect truth "they never saw a Christian." For thus the world moves, silently and swiftly on its great spiritual axis, with progress so unobserved, that it has rolled away from the very atmosphere

of bitterness and accursed lusts before it has discovered the difference; and got so far, that the change from heathen common social life to Christian common social life is in a sense so complete that it cannot be recognized. Whilst Christian thought and language will not permit the few who see what has taken place, to speak even of the imperfect vision of horrible lusts they find recorded, and as far as they can speak they seem to those who hear as men that dream, so utterly has former darkness passed. Thus philosophers can deny that there is any change at all. And now the ground of contest is changed, and the idolatry of intellect-worship and its robberies from revelation have to be exposed rather than the idolatry of sensuality as in earlier times; and the beneficent, humble kingdom of feeling and love to be proclaimed as the one true progress. This great union under Christ is becoming daily more and more obvious, so that the broad line between heathenism with its sensuality, at the first, and Christianity was scarcely more definite than the line is growing day by day between power-worship, with its assumption, and Christianity. Though it is not always easy to trace the principle at stake

in its new dress. The forms are different, and the delusions vary as the earth grows old, but it matters little what the dream may be that blinds us to the world as it is, and the conditions of life and truth.

The ancient Lie.—Imagination always fills the world with phantoms. Visions of sunny climates, festal throngs, temples and hero-forms people the old forgotten years; grey altars of gods hymned in many a thrilling poem, fair maidens dancing in summer evenings, and glad songs, seem to be in the gloom behind, as we look back; and all the glory of unfulfilled hopes circles with a diadem of light the misty form of ages that have passed. All that yearning spirits of old have fashioned in the mightiest hours of their uprising, all that the unsatisfied longings of weary hearts now make them willing to find in bygone times, the burden of hope and fear and love and sorrow borne by the fleeting hours, all join to give a strange interest to the early dwellers in earth's great kingdoms, and to hide the agony of the slave, the despair of his proud master. But it is the brightness of a lie, if it is mistaken for happy life. This was the old dream.

The modern Lie.—But what better, higher mes-

sage for mankind is there to be found in the brain-cobwebs, the countless gossamers that glitter in our sun? The form of the dream is changed, imaginations innumerable, knowledge-births and knowledge-guesses, of what has been millions of ages back, and what is yet to be, have taken the place of drinking songs and warlike chants. The old dream was born of false views of animal life in man, the new dream is born of false views of intellect-life; both have a basis which might be good; but if both equally blind the heart to the great life-kingdom and its science, to the facts which concern every living being now and for ever, both are hostile to truth, so far as they despise these facts; the subtler the dream, the more hostile is it of the two.

The facts of Life-science.—What are the facts of the material earth compared with the facts of redeeming power? Every day, for those who choose to study facts, the blind do open their eyes to true light, the lame do learn to walk on errands of love, the lepers do have the ghastly blotches of sin removed, the deaf do open their ears to messages divine, even the dead in heart have their hardness or despair taken away, and

rise up to fresh and happy life; above all, the poor, the wretched, the weak, the old, have good tidings and great joy. These are no less true facts in our day than they were when Christ called them as His witnesses of old. The earth has many facts like these, quiet, silent, yet eloquent facts to those who have the will to search them out. Life-science gathers them up, appeals to them, challenges the power-worshippers with them, calls on intellect to look at these universal facts, since she boasts of her fact-kingdom; and not to set dead matter above life, since she boasts of her intelligence; to learn her own place in creation as a servant, since she boasts of her wisdom; and to believe that an Allwise Creator cannot have left His noblest beings without help in a world not fitted to them, or allowed lies, or a mixture of lies, to be their life-food and source of growth towards perfection, since she names the name of Truth. Life-science proclaims that power-worship, however disguised, is the natural development of fallen man carrying him farther and farther in revolt from life, and love, and true advancement. Life-science proclaims that all her own works are works of life, works

of building up, of construction, of helping, of healing, and rejects from her kingdom all who make attack and work against others the law of their actions. And as in the first days of Christian life the gulf between heathen sensuality and the acknowledgment of Christ was so wide and deep that nothing else could compare with it, so now once more after centuries of bitter experience and rival claims, there seems to be a growing conviction that there is a union, a brotherhood, possible for all who strive to lead holy *peaceful* lives for Christ's sake, and who will quietly do their own work of good and let others do theirs.

Creeds to be upheld, personal discord abhorred.

—It is impossible to think that the various differences of doctrine and belief which the various tempers of mankind, and human fallibility, have brought about, will ever cease; most certainly they will not cease by being attacked; let us then boldly assert that it is good and right for every man earnestly to uphold his own distinctive creed both for himself and for those whom he teaches. But a creed is positive, what a man does believe, not what he does not. To be de-

claiming *against*, instead of speaking *for*, is a sin. Men do not learn to love by being abused. It would be well to remember also, that abuse is equally fatal to the wielder of it and to its object. Minds are not conquered by force of any kind, or the user of force made happy by its use. The kingdom of love rejects utterly and absolutely all war of word or deed in its own cause. This principle is definite and strong. A time has come when a practical belief in Christ as the Life-King, testified by the doctrinal bond of the Apostles' Creed, and the practical bond of a pure and peaceful life, should unite, in a voluntary and permissive communion, all true workers, however varied their ideas may be as to the manner in which Christ works His will on earth. Attack is not work at all, it is the pulling down or preventing work. Let men leave work alone and not attack it, for they may be sure that in a kingdom of love all peaceful loving work has at least a far-off grasp on the golden chain, and a perpetual tendency to be drawn onwards by links of love towards the truest purest form, the most perfect agency by which the God of Love and Truth reveals Himself to man; and may be

certain also that untrue false work will soon fall of itself if truer work is near. True doctrine and true work are in the highest lives united; and through all gradations they have a growing tendency, however for a time separated, to become united the more genuine the efforts that are made, and they will be united hereafter. Every man in earnest to build up any truth can sympathize with, even though he may require to keep aloof from, anyone who is clearly an earnest builder too. But earnestness in attack breeds hate. Hate called by a religious name in a religious cause is sacrilege as well as hate. Hate and sacrilege profane the realm and shrine of feeling and its King. The curse of Christ rests on those who proselytise in this spirit. If a choice must be made: for me, I had rather stand outside the garden of the Lord, where, perchance, some sun and shade might reach me from its glades, some sweet breezes scatter blessings from its flowers, some trickling streamlets bring fresh life to other lands from its sacred soil, nay, who knows, some seeds, wind-wafted, strike their roots, and grow, and blossom in the wilderness; rather this, than be inside, wielding power, pulling up

the plants, pulling up the tares and wheat together, against my Lord's express commands, flinging them out to live or die, when bidden not to do so. For me; I had rather stand with praying hands and humble heart at the door of the great sanctuary than join inside the ranks of those who shoot out their arrows, even bitter words, and brawl, and rail, before the altar of the King of Love, and grasp at power in the very shrine of the King of self-sacrifice.

Reason, methinks, may possibly be brought to receive any specious fable for a time, but not that lies are a message from the King of Truth, not that lies nourish all the generations of His truest and His best, not that hate is an instrument of the King of Love, not that hate is a prop of Christ's Church. This is indeed to shut the eyes hard. This is indeed rebellion whatever name it may take. Love shown in life, and belief in the Creed, ought to bind together in permissive communion every loyal subject of Christ.

120

149

255

254

261

265

unmarked

Plenty 241 265

81 spent

31 - 41

207 plenty

116

52 27 249

76 55

86

79

261

87

unmarked

77 plenty

270 1000
296

96

82

unmarked 199

193 124 to wood
1000

Philos
1531

110633

Thuring, Edward

Thoughts on life-Science

Author

Title

University of Toronto
Library

DO NOT
REMOVE
THE
CARD
FROM
THIS
POCKET

Acme Library Card Pocket
Under Pa*. "Ref. Index File"
Made by LIBRARY BUREAU



